YANK

THE ARMY WEE

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By the men . . for the men in the service

NEW GUINEA DRILLING

How To Spot Marked Cards in GI Poker Games

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OLD AND NEW: A DONKEY TRAIN PASSES BY A U. S. TRUCK, PART OF A CONVOY.

TWO TYPES OF TRANSPORT TIGHTEN UP BEFORE A DANGEROUS MOUNTAIN PASS.

PVT. JAMES F. P. AIKEN, SAVANNAH, GA.

PVT. CHARLES NASHOLTS, AUBURN, N. Y.

U. S. ARMY DRIVERS GUIDE THEIR H

These Quartermaster drivers push their trucks over one of the most important highways in the world—the twisting supply route from the Persian Gulf to the U.S.S.R.

PVT. SAMUEL SABEL IS SWALLOWED UP AS HE DOCTORS A FLOODED CARBURETOR.

PFC. RAYMOND E. WALLER, DAYTON, OHIO

PVT. ZENO W. MUHL, BALTIMORE, MD.

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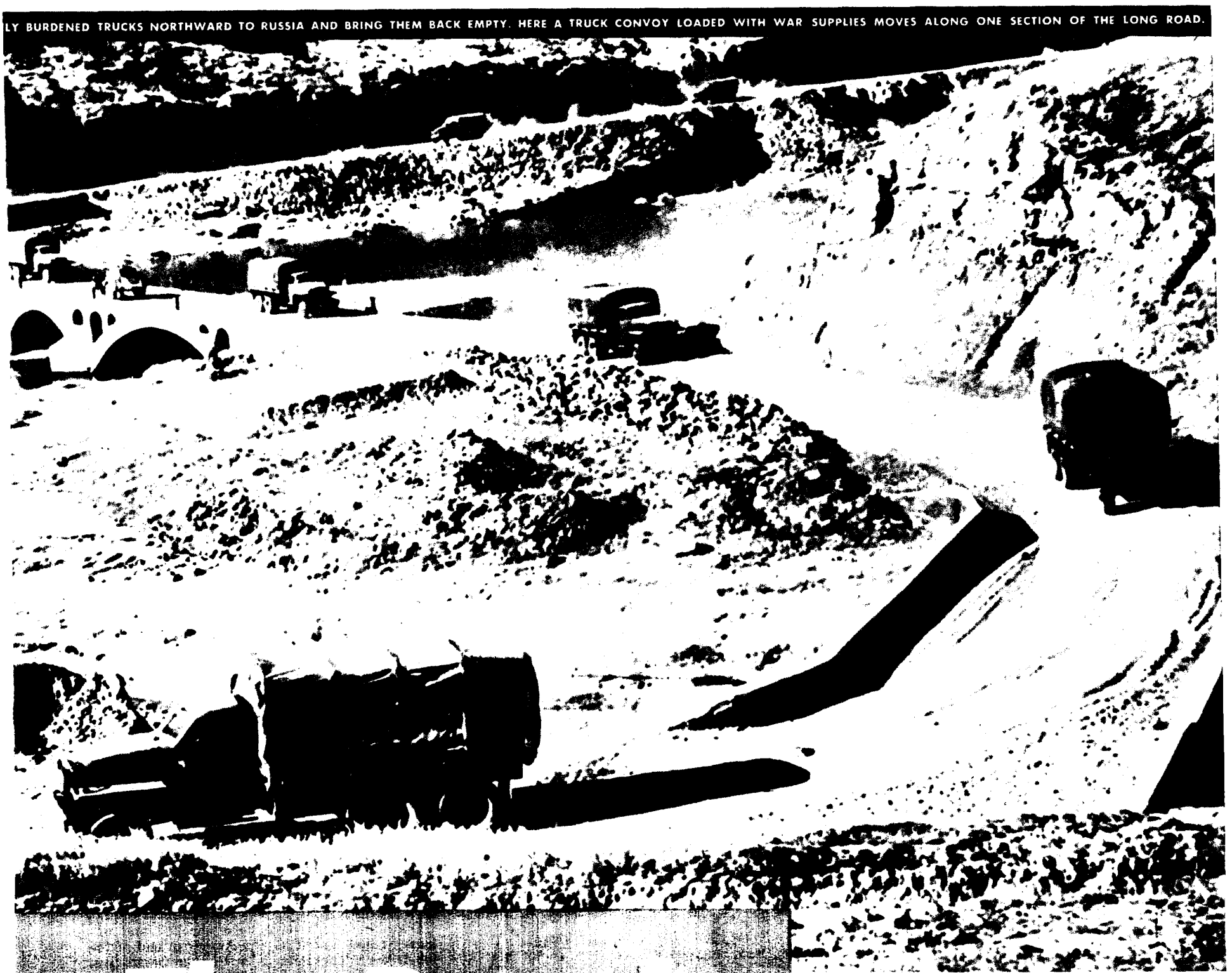

LY BURDENED TRUCKS NORTHWARD TO RUSSIA AND BRING THEM BACK EMPTY. HERE A TRUCK CONVOY LOADED WITH WAR SUPPLIES MOVES ALONG ONE SECTION OF THE LONG ROAD.

The Road to Russia

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND — "Sarkiss Shahijanian, Adranik Markarian, Ahmas Khamnai, Koochek Hussain Memtaza, Aram Khatchikian, Nickolai Boodaghian, Abbas Rasooli," the sergeant yelled.

S/Sgt. Forest Neely of Columbia, Ind., wasn't reeling off the cast of characters in a Saroyan story. He was just calling the roll of native Iranian truck drivers who are learning to navigate the important United Nations overland motor route from the Persian Gulf to Russia.

It's quite a road, the Road to Russia. In the winter there is driving snow and treacherous ice. Sudden rains in spring wash out whole sections of roadbed. And in the summer and fall there is dust.

Starting out, before the dust gets too thick, we get a glimpse or two of Eastern atmosphere —an Arab with a hooded hawk on his wrist, some old ruins. But soon dust has engulfed the convoy, clinging to trailer tarps and truck fenders, settling so thick that, even after a mile of good black-top roadbed, there's still a stifling cloud behind us.

This is the U. S. Motor Transport Service's main supply line to Russia. Quartermaster Corps units, white and Negro, drive the loaded trucks northward and bring back the empty ones. They have been making the trip for many months; some of the drivers were in the very first convoy when the going was toughest. Supplementing these Army units now are native drivers, trained by the MTS at special schools.

Riding with Sgt. Rufus Johnson of Athens, Ga., who belongs to a Negro QM unit, you realize with a sudden crack on the head that desert travel isn't smooth. What looks like a stretch flat enough to rival Daytona Speedway turns out to be full of hidden ruts and bumps. Even Johnson, with the steering wheel for an anchor, scrapes his noggin. "This bouncin' and jumpin' is about to get me down," Rufus says.

After endless dust, heat and shaking, we get a break for lunch at a Motor Transport Service installation. Trucks are fueled up here and checked by Ordnance mechanics. Drivers take a stretch, wash the dust off their mess kits, and down the chow they've been looking forward to since their before-dawn breakfast.

Lunch is good-humored but not leisurely. The boys want to get rolling again toward dinner and bed.

"Gas up 'at old P-40 of mine, man," shouts Pvt. Willy Hoover of Panama City, Fla., to the mechanic. "I'm flyin' low this afternoon."

Willy's in the same convoy as Sgt. Johnson, only a little farther back and getting a little more dust. Sometimes, when a curve permits, we see the third or fourth truck ahead looking as small as a jeep, with a tail of cotton-thick dust waving behind it.

Like most drivers, Willy's forgotten what a day off means. It's up in the morning and roll your trip. Sleep here one night, another place the next. The driver's home is a musette bag, a couple of blankets and his mess kit. When enough native drivers have been trained, they'll run regular schedules with days on and days off. But war doesn't wait for anyone and supplies to Russia must go through.

We stay tonight at an MTS station. It's a tent camp; native laborers are constructing more permanent quarters. One of the lads who is supervising the work is Pfc. Nockie Sims of New Augusta, Miss., who shares our chow. Nockie's from the district engineer's office, and he's only slightly less transient than the drivers. As soon as his job here is finished, he'll be on his way to another spot where they need an instrument man to help lay out a camp.

Sometime before daylight we're shaken out

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of our sleep to grab a bite of chow. Willy and Rufus are rolling back toward their starting point, driving empties. The loaded trucks, rechecked overnight by Ordnance, roll northward with new drivers.

On this next stretch—the toughest of the entire road—the truck is handled by a native driver, Nadjaf Paidar Towhair, an Isfahan boy who's been trained by Sgt. Neely and Sgt. Paul Sayre of Pomeroy, Ohio, at a Motor Transport Service school. This is his first trick on a regular convoy, and he's as nervous as a bride.

Nadjaf tries carefully to remember everything he learned at drivers' school. You try to remember everything you learned at Sunday School. Nadjaf does all right in spite of occasional difficulties with bumpy roads and shifting gears. He knows only two gears, first and second, but he knows them well.

Patrolling the road are members of the Iranian Rural Constabulary, decked out in natty blue uniforms. These military-looking gents have been trained by Col. Norman H. Schwartzkopf, former head of the New Jersey State Police, who had charge of the Lindbergh baby-kidnaping investigation, and their gorgeous dress reminds you of the troopers who used to police the stretch between Newark and Trenton.

At the change-over point the native drivers turn back, and Pfc. Alan Black, a Negro boy from Jasper, Ala., takes over this truck. He used to drive for Alabama Highway Express and would sell out right now for a roadside spot where a trucker can get a hamburger and a juke-box version of "In the Mood."

Around a bend we come upon a tribe of nomads. Like their fathers and grandfathers, they are following good pasture with their flocks. Our horn sounds constantly as we crawl through a moving block of sheep, goats, cattle, horses, men, women and children.

Our overnight stop is a repetition of the last. Blackie, who has been driving for 12 straight days, drops off to sleep in nothing flat, undisturbed by the noise of Ordnance crews working over his truck near the tent. The Ordnance men work while the QM drivers sleep. Their job begins when the first truck rolls in and doesn't end until the last one rolls out. Their work day may be as long as 20 hours in 24.

S/Sgt. Wilfred Heinen of Branch, La., and Sgt. Joe Detreix of Kenner, La., NCO Ordnance bosses here, direct the crew of men who straighten out all the mischief that Persian roads play on trucks meant to roll over concrete highways. Valve trouble, pushed-in radiators and loose gas tanks cause most of the hell.

Somehow our truck is shipshape when we wake up. Pvt. Alfred Eccles, a Negro boy who used to run an elevator in Atlantic City, N. J., and still gets as many ups and downs as ever in the Persian mountains, is the driver now. He alternates with a white driver, Pvt. Samuel Sabel of New Orleans, La., who came to Iran with the first batch of GIs and worked in the first truck convoy to Russia.

Mountainous scenery and rough roads gradually give way to gentler slopes and good paved black-top. We pass native road workers, filling in holes with queer flat shovels, and wearing head-tight casque-shaped felt hats. Farther along is a labor battalion of British Indian Engineer troops, dressed in shorts and in their shirt sleeves. They are busy improving the road.

Native peddlers dot the road, too. You can get a handful of hard-boiled eggs for only five *rials*, or 15 American cents. Some of the salesmen, anxious to get their message across, stand along the roadside waving eggs in one hand and a live chicken in the other. It's the closest thing to a billboard on the whole road.

ANOTHER stop overnight, then once more we rise before dawn for the last lap. Driving this time is one of the saddest soldiers in Iran, Pvt. Edward O. Kepping of Hazleton, Pa., who thought he'd gotten this country out of his system in 1931. He was here then as chauffeur for an American contractor and left when his job was finished, planning never to return. The Army brought him back, but it didn't change his feelings.

This last stretch is fairly good road, almost monotonous after some of the earlier tough going, but don't be fooled. Over there are whitened bones, picked clean and bleaching in the sun. That was where a camel caravan froze to death, hemmed in between impassable snowdrifts, only a few months ago.

Just ahead of us a truck goes through a soft shoulder and winds up mired in the mud. Capt. Jeff English dashes up in his jeep. As a good transport man, the captain doesn't like wrecks, but there's a wild and happy gleam in his eye whenever he sees one he can untangle.

Capt. English is principal trouble shooter for Brig. Gen. Don G. Schingler, a wiry West Pointer who takes the beating of the road, good weather and bad, as chief of the Motor Transport Service. The general's a staff officer for Maj. Gen. Donald H. Connolly, commanding the Persian Gulf Service Command, but he's no chairborne soldier.

Another driver runs out of oil. First Lt. Byron Block, an Ordnance officer from Philadelphia, who's on convoy patrol today, wangles a quart from a British petrol dump and gets him moving.

Pvt. Kepping takes our truck to a depot, where it is unloaded under the eyes of 2d Lt. Martin Steenbock of Laurel, Nebr., and S/Sgt. Andrew Eirman, who hails from Copiague, Long Island, N. Y. They check every unloading job to see that the cargoes are in readiness for the Russians.

They find the Russians good to work with. The worst of the language difficulty is bridged by Pvt. Alex Pinkewich, who speaks pure Chicago American and adequate Russian. "Russian is easy to sling my way," he explains, "but the Russians do it a little harder."

Once the goods have been checked and unloaded from the trucks, the American end of the job is over. The cargo is in Russian hands. But traffic on the road goes on. The empties roll back and the loaded trailers bounce and grunt northward. The drivers crawl out of bed and rub their eyes and climb into their cabs to fight desert heat and dust and mountain hairpin turns. The Ordnance mechanics try to grab some shuteye in the morning before incoming trucks put them back to work again. The Road to Russia never rests.

GI mopping his brow is Sgt. Jerry Mantel, who, with a swing team, entertains soldiers on Guadalcanal.

Stretcher Bearers Can Also Carry a Swing Tune

GUADALCANAL—When the fighting ended in these parts, a hospital outfit's band turned from stretcher bearing to entertainment.

Attached to a National Guard medical outfit, the band didn't have a chance to play a note during its first six weeks here. During combat the outfit served as hospital attendants, and at Mount Austin its members distinguished themselves as relief stretcher bearers who carried wounded over a six-mile trail through rugged jungle terrain from advanced positions to first-aid stations.

Now the 26-piece band is back together again under the direction of W/O Leo O'Neil, who was its conductor for 18 years around Boston, Mass., before the war. The band also breaks down into 12 pieces for jive.

Every man in the swing crew was a solid professional orchestra man back in the U. S. Pete Terry, sax-clarinet, was formerly with Teddy Powell; Sidney Feldstein, trumpet, formerly with Artie Shaw; Norman LeBlanc, clarinetist for several hot bands and a long hair to boot; Mervin Gold, formerly trombonist with Ruby Newman; Tony Cervine, accordion and piano, had his own band on the West Coast; Martti Takki, sax-clarinet, formerly with Ruby Newman; Vincent Menard, clarinet-sax, from Boston's Silver Dollar Bar; Gabriel Colangelo, trumpet, from the Palace Theater, Washington, D. C.; Leonard Sullivan, trumpet, formerly with Bobby Hackett; Joe Perella, trumpet, formerly at the Hotel Imperial in Boston. Dominick Pantaleo, bass fiddle, and John O'Neil, euphonium, were both with Mickey King. Drummer is John Shea, formerly with Red Nichols. The list actually adds up to 13 instead of 12, but on Guadalcanal you don't mention the number 13.

LeBlanc, ranking noncom of the swing band, says his GI fighting audience prefers jump to sweet numbers, so the band jumps. Most popular number in the repertoire is "Amen," in an arrangement by Pete Terry.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Fishing Is Good in the Desert But Bring a Shovel, Not a Hook

WEST AFRICA—In these parts the white hot sands extend for many desolate miles, broken only by scrubby bush and waterless wasteland.

A platoon was en route back to camp recently across the desert when the members saw a native quietly digging a hole in a dry creek bed. By way of wisecrack, Sgt. Al Hunter of Provo, Utah, shouted, "What you doing, fishing?"

It got a laugh from everyone but the wog. He looked up and allowed he *was* fishing.

This was more than S/Sgt. E. Leroy Holloman of Paris, Tex., could take. "In that case," he said, "I'm staying here to see what happens."

What happened was that the wog scooped until he had a hole about 10 inches deep, out of which he pulled a fish about 12 inches long. He held it up, grinned and walked away.

"Well, I'll be —," Holloman said. "That's one they wouldn't even believe in Texas."

Back at camp an old-timer explained that during the very short rainy season the creek bed flows with water. The fish, called "lungfish," dig into the sand when the water recedes and manage to live in the damp sand until the next rainy season—a sort of hibernation.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

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Japs Used Cecil For Clay Pigeon, But He Kept Coming Back For More

WEST ARM, HOLTZ BAY, ATTU—Cecil is a hell of a name for a character like Cecil Morse.

He's an easy-talking, tan-haired youngster who wishes he was back in Harbor Springs, Mich. With his left arm in a sling the way it is now, you'd take him for a supply-room clerk who had fallen off his cot and sprained his wrist.

But that's because you don't know Pvt. Cecil Morse.

He played clay pigeon to the Japs. Not once, but twice. And he lives to give the sawed-off chopsticks another crack at him, gladly, because six buddies in his platoon are dead and four others wounded.

All of them collected their souvenirs of lead during the 24-hour period when Yank troops were tightening the pucker string that choked the Japs out of the West Arm of Holtz Bay, over the high ground to East Arm and eventually onto the 2,000-foot saw-toothed ridge overlooking Chichagof Harbor.

From the first, the Japs had been holding off the infiltrating American invaders with antiaircraft artillery, lowered for ground fire. Foxholes weren't worth a hoot in hell against this stuff. As the main Jap forces crawfished from Yank artillery, small detachments clung to rear-guard positions with light machine guns. Their trick was to lie low until you stepped in their faces, then hew you down like tall corn.

Cecil's platoon drew the assignment of decoying the Jap fire so bigger American stuff could blow the enemy emplacements to bits.

"We crept up the draw that night like mud turtles," said Morse. "Half way up the gulley we made out the black line of an abandoned Jap trench. We knew they'd have their eye on that and we'd draw fire for sure. Then the gang behind us could spot the Japs and let 'em have it.

"We elbowed our way to the trench and let ourselves down into it. With me at the time were Pvt. Vernon Sutton and Pvt. Everett Swanson. We lay there in the mud panting for a couple of minutes, trying to catch our breath, and had decided it was time to poke our heads up and fire a round or two with our '03s, just to let 'em know for sure we were there, when here came four men walking down the hill in the darkness toward us.

"They weren't talking, and they were sashaying along like there wasn't a war on. I stood up in the trench and hollered our own password. I knew then that the trench we were in wasn't abandoned at all. This crew had just stepped out for a minute, never thinking any Americans would try to sneak that far forward. One of 'em was packing a light machine gun. The others had rifles.

"Well, when I hollered, they dropped to the ground a few yards over us, and one of 'em lobbed a grenade into the trench with us. I saw it coming, and I visualized three rifles stuck into the mud with the dog tags of Morse, Sutton, and Swanson dangling from the butts.

"Then the grenade exploded with a hell of a bang. The concussion shook us up some, but it took us only a split second to catch on that surer'n hell we weren't dead. And it took only the rest of that second for us to start pumping those '03s. Hell, we couldn't miss that close.

"That took care of those four, but meanwhile our position was known to every Jap in West Arm and the whole hillside began catching hell. The three of us sweated it out flat on our bellies in the trench until all was quiet again, and we made it back to our own lines okay. Three of our platoon never made it back.

"The next morning four of us tackled the same trip up the ravine through snow and fog. I guess my luck couldn't hold out forever. When we reached that same trench, they cut down the three men with me and ripped up my left hand."

The Jap who wounded Cecil is probably six feet under the Attu mud by now, of course. Cecil regrets that he didn't have the pleasure of putting him there personally.

"I'd have recognized him easy," says Cecil. "He was such a lousy shot."

—Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Cpl. Edward Wedell of San Bruno, Calif., ogles the painting of a native girl. She and the scenes above her were painted by talented members of an Aviation Engineer outfit for their camp in New Caledonia.

Vaudeville Salute

LONDON—A soldier was walking down the street the other day and saw a British enlisted man and a British major approach each other. The major held a cane in his right hand.

When they reached the proper distance, the EM brought his hand up in salute. The major bounced the end of his cane down on the pavement, returned the salute and caught his cane on the rebound.

The soldier, who used to love jugglers when he was a kid, followed the major for three blocks hoping he'd do it again. He didn't.

In Desert One Man Has Ideal Job; Mess Sergeant a Former Hotel Chef

CAIRO—T/Sgt. Bill Mayhugh of Baltimore, Md., mess sergeant of an Ordnance company in the Western Desert, lavishes on his outfit the culinary skill he once displayed in the kitchens of the Capitol, Willard and Mayflower hotels in Washington, D. C.

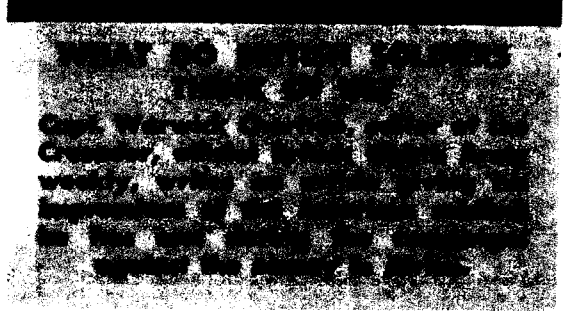
The ordnancemen claim he's the best mess sergeant in the desert. Secret of Sgt. Mayhugh's success is his knack at making hotel fare out of issue grub. One of his specialties is a 21-course banquet which he prepares without drawing more than his regular daily rations.

"Uncle Sam gives a cook good food," explained Mayhugh. "The secret of a successful mess is what the mess sergeant does with that food." He says he can take his four assistant cooks and prepare one of his 21-courses in from 2 to 2½ hours—complete from soup to nuts. For his banquets—more frequent now that the fame of his mess is spreading—Mayhugh even types out menus.

According to a recent menu, Mayhugh's customers had this line-up of dishes: tomato-juice cocktail, salad and cole slaw with savoy dressing, hors d'oeuvres (made from GI crackers, canned fish and cheese), fish and steaks, french-fried potatoes, lima beans, candied sweet potatoes, peas, chocolate eclairs, custard pie, pineapple fritters, and choice of cocoa, tea or coffee.

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .



Sailor Puts in a 16-Hour Day As Post's One-Man Radio Station

SOMEWHERE IN BRAZIL—The spare-time broadcasting venture of a gob attached to a small Naval unit at a USAAF base here is rapidly developing into a big-time radio station.

Jointly supervised by Army and Navy officials, WSMS ("The Servicemen's Station") is owned and operated by Donald Wornstaff S1c of Iowa. Two GI tents, rigged up side by side, are his radio studio.

Station WSMS has developed so rapidly that it now maintains a broadcasting schedule 16 hours a day. Reports of clear reception come in daily from civilians 10 miles away and from Army and Navy planes in flight 60 miles away.

Seaman Wornstaff, radio-maintenance mechanic and public-address-system operator in civilian life, started his station May 20 with a wireless record player purchased from another sailor. Since then, he has added a 25-watt transmitter, a short-wave radio for retransmission of overseas programs, and a broadcasting antenna.

An original 15-record collection for broadcasting has been increased to over 300 platters. The station's programs include everything from a long-hair half hour, in which classical music is played and explained, to a rebroadcast of the Hit Parade. Wornstaff picks up and relays BBC news twice daily and also relays Raymond Scott's quintet and other U. S. and British programs.

Wornstaff is on the job from the time he falls out of bed until he drops back in again. He even has moved his bed and living quarters into the broadcasting tent.

With an estimated 1,000 soldier and sailor listeners already, the one-man radio station is applying for a license from the Brazilian government for an increase in power and a definite schedule in Brazilian broadcasting.

—Pfc. NAT G. BODIAN
YANK Field Correspondent

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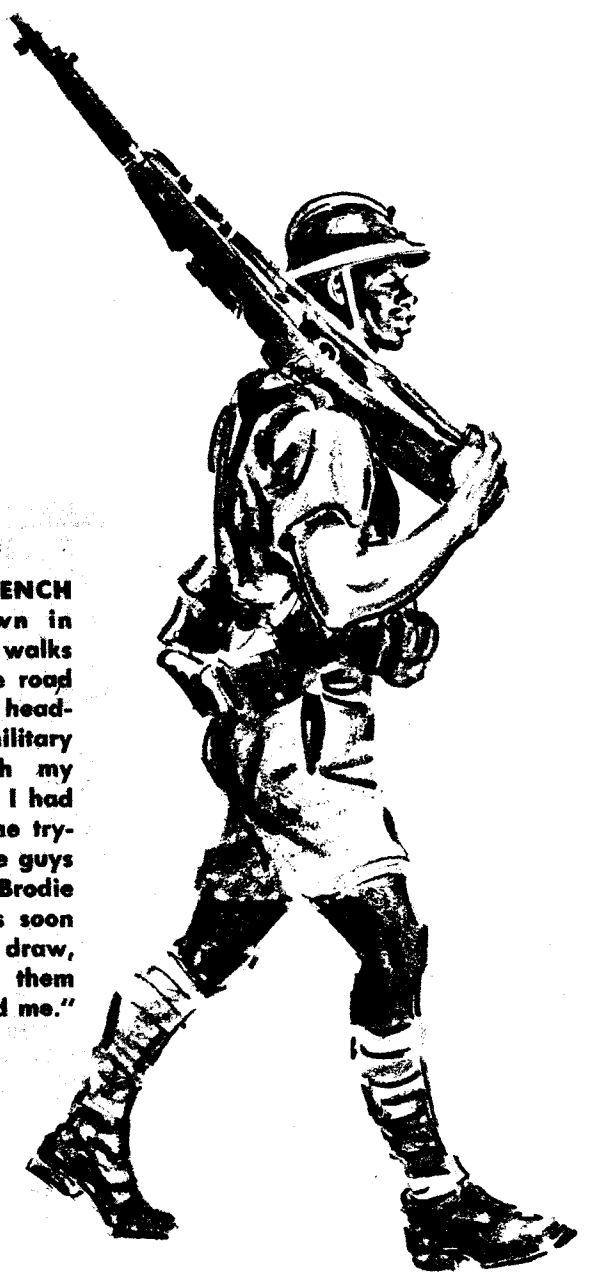
Sketches from the South Pacific

THE BISHOP AND HIS RED SASH are a familiar sight to every GI who gets to town in the picturesque island Efate in the New Hebrides group, a British-French protectorate, southeast of the Solomons. The bishop posed as Sgt. Brodie did this sketch near the waterfront while the native stevedores worked on docks in background.

AMERICAN MP IN NEW HEBRIDES, Willie L. Somerville, looked at the native belles on his beat in Efate with their long dresses and ample figures. "If I ever see another South Sea movie with Lamour running around in a sarong," he moaned, "I'll throw rocks in the ocean."



FIGHTING FRENCH SOLDIER down in New Caledonia walks his post on the road behind the base headquarters in a military manner. "With my meager French I had a hell of a time trying to get these guys to pose," Sgt. Brodie says. "Then as soon as I started to draw, about 50 of them would surround me."

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JAP PRISONERS, Yamashito and Sato, captured during the fighting at Guadalcanal were sketched by Sgt. Brodie in the New Hebrides. "They sat silently and stared sullenly right through me as I sketched," he says.

BIGGEST BEARD IN SOUTH PACIFIC is this one owned by Sgt. E. T. Hawthorne, from South Carolina, who had not shaved for nine months when Sgt. Brodie made this sketch in the New Hebrides. Brodie writes: "Even the natives said that E. T. had too much grass on his face."

THREE COPS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES, the American directing traffic in the background and the two natives in the foreground, posed for Sgt. Brodie's sketch. The one with his arms crossed and the fancy coat serves with the English. The barefooted guy with the pompon on his hat and the long billy at his side is a French sailor.

FRENCH MARINE poses bare-legged with his long bayonet fixed to his rifle at his sentry post in Noumea on the Fighting French island of New Caledonia, a big important United Nations base of operations in the South Pacific.

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Marked Cards

John Scarne, gambling expert, found plenty of them in use in crooked card games around Army camps. He tells you here how to spot this common cheating device the next time some wise guy tries it in a pay-day poker or blackjack session.

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

GAMBLERS call them "readers" and crooks call them "paper." To most GIs they are merely known as marked cards. To any pay-day bank roll, they are poison.

John Scarne, gambling sleuth and card expert, says that marked cards are right up there with crooked dice when somebody asks him to pick the most common cheating device in armed-forces gambling games. He estimates there are 100,000 decks of marked cards in the Army alone.

Marked cards are numerous because, like crooked dice, they're easy to get. Catalogs of marked-card merchants are widely circulated in the Army, Navy, and Marines. Usually the price of a pack is $1.50. The crooked manufacturers sell so many that their packs cost only $1 more than honest decks.

Markings on a card seldom indicate its suit. The suit is not important enough; only in pinochle is it worth knowing. What sharpers want to know is the number on the card, for doctored cards are most profitable in the one-card games—stud poker, blackjack and red dog. Reading the cards the other fellows have, and the back of the card that is about to be dealt, the smart boys have the game sewed up in their tight little pockets.

Sharpers operate so scientifically that when they can't work their own marked cards into a game—which naturally is what they always try to do—they mark cards during the game. This is far more dangerous than using cards already marked, but it is a mighty common practice in the games servicemen play.

Let's see how it is done.

Nailing. Sticking his thumbnail into the side of a card, the sharper leaves a small identifying mark which can be seen at a distance like all expert markings. He puts this mark at precisely the same spot on both sides of the card. Why? So that no matter which way the card is held the nailing will be in the same place.

There is a reason for this. The important thing about nailing, as about all marking, is not that the card *is* marked. What is important is *where* it is marked. For, depending on the game, the location of the mark tells the number of the card. And that, as we have said, is all the sharper wants to know.

For example, in stud the low cards are not important enough to warrant marking, so marks are used to indicate high cards only. A nail near the top of the edges signals an ace. A mark a quarter of the way down indicates a king, and a mark near the bottom means 10. But in blackjack the same marks are used to denote the low cards, for they are the important ones to know.

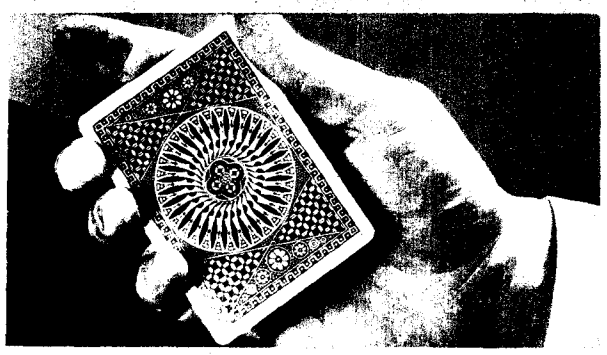
It's as simple as that.

Waving is another example of play-as-you-go methods of marking cards. Here the experienced fingers of the gambler take a card and skillfully bend it over one finger and under the other, leaving an identifying bend or "wave." These waves, too, at the top, bottom or middle of a card, reveal the number.

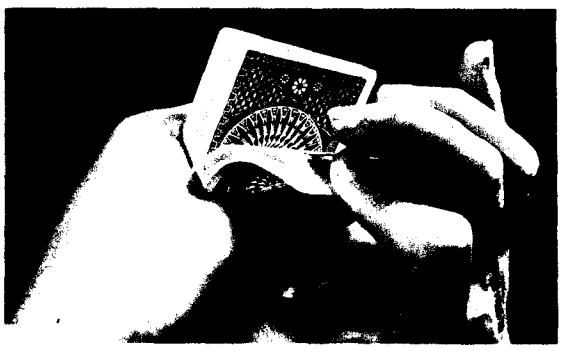
To catch nailing or waving, use the same method used to detect crimping, described in

***NAILING** is one way of marking cards in the course of a game. Fingernail is stuck into the side of card. Here John Scarne marks a queen.*

***WAVING** is another common way of marking as you go. Pressing card over and under fingers leaves an obvious identifying bend or "wave."*



***DAUBING** leaves smudge on certain place on back of card. Note smudge under Scarne's finger here. The paste comes from inside his pocket.*



***SCARNE RIFFLE** is the way to detect Lines, Shades, Edges. Any doctoring of backs jumps out plainly in contrast when the cards are riffled.*

***PEGGING** tells its own story. The sharper identifies his cards by pricking them, thus leaving marks which the fingers locate later in game.*

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YANK in a previous Scarne article. Square up the entire pack and look at the edges. Any nailing or waving will stand out like Betty Grable on a windy day.

Daubing means sticking a spot of paste on the back of the card. The daub leaves a slight smudge which the experienced sharper knows immediately.

Usually the sharper carries the paste for the daub in his pocket. With lightninglike motions his finger is dampened, dipped in the paste, then pressed on the card at the right spot. To detect daubing examine the backs of the cards.

Pegging, another marking method, gives signals to the fingers, not the eyes. When he pegs, the sharper appears at the game with thumb or finger bandaged. Usually it is the left thumb, which holds the pack most often. Through this bandage sticks the tip of a thumbtack that has been strapped to the thumb under the bandage. Using this sharp point the crook pricks the right cards in the right places. Usually he pricks only aces and kings. When the dealer feels either one on top of the pack he deals seconds to the other boys and saves the pegged card for himself or his confederate.

To detect pegging run a finger over the backs of the card. A peg will feel like a mountain.

Sanding also requires a bandage—for a slightly different purpose. Exposed through this bandage is a slit of the surface of a piece of sandpaper. By pulling the card's edge along the sandpaper the edge is made white-clean. When assembled with the other cards this newly cleaned edge stands out clearly.

SUCH are the ways in which cards are marked during games. Now take a look at professional methods of marking cards either in manufacture or before a game.

Shading. A section of the back of the card is worked over lightly with a brush, leaving a slight color over the identifying section. What is remarkable here is the small, almost infinitesimal, area spotted and the delicacy of the mark. Yet sharpers can see it across the table.

Line work. The finest possible lines are added to a certain section of the design on the back of the card. The innocent naked eye can hardly see a difference, but the experienced eye knows in a second what the card is.

Edge work. A slight belly is put on the border between the design and the edge of the card.

Cut-out. A chemical preparation, or a delicate knife, removes a minute section from part of the design.

Block-out. The same thing—almost. Parts of the design are covered with white ink, or the design is enlarged with ink similar to that used for the design. This is especially effective with cards that are reputed to be markproof: those that have an all-over, no-border design on the back. An example is the Bee card, the back of which is completely covered by a diamond design. Contrary to popular belief, such cards can easily be marked by making one diamond smaller or larger. This is done by blocking out.

To detect all these super-delicate markings, use the Scarne Riffle. It is based on the principle of the animated-cartoon books you played with as a kid. Holding one of these books tightly in one hand, you riffled rapidly through the pages. As you did, the figures seemed to move as in a motion picture.

Try this with any cards you think are marked by any of the methods described above. Hold the cards as Scarne holds them in the accompanying picture. Keep your eyes fixed on a section no more than ½-inch square. Then riffle. If the cards are marked, the doctored parts of the design will suddenly jump out at you.

Then you have to find the cards that jumped (for, remember, it is likely that only high or low cards in the deck will be marked) and compare them with the others. When you have found out how it's done, throw the whole damn pack away where it can't be found.

So far we have discussed cards that are actually marked, either in the course of the game or before. How about markings that alter the actual size of the card?

Trims. This process is used on cards that have a border between the design and the edge. The border is trimmed — way down for low cards, say, and a little less for the higher ones. Or perhaps it is the other way around. Anyway, the amount of white space between design and edge is trimmed to less-than-regulation size, and the amount of the trimming signals whether the card is high or low.

Naturally the way to discover a trimmed card is to place it over an honest one. The trim will be smaller.

Sorts. If you want a full-time job for a rainy week end, or a rainy week, try making up a pack of sorts. When you are finished you will think that sorts are so much trouble nobody else would ever prepare a pack. But you will be wrong. One week spent on sorts brings months of winnings and many gamblers think it is worth while. Furthermore, sorts are the only marked cards that are not actually doctored. Hence they are the safest marked cards to use.

Sorting is based on the one flaw in Bee cards and others with all-over designs on the back. This flaw is the edge—the all-over design cannot run off the edge at precisely the same point on every one of these cards. There are bound to be variations along the edges; some will go off the edge high on the diamond design, others close to the bottom and many others somewhere in between.

Knowing this, the ambitious sharper buys at least 40, and probably more, identical packs of these no-border cards. Out of them he laboriously sorts *one* pack which can be read by the edges. High cards may be those sliced off high on the diamond design, and low cards may be the ones sliced off low. Or again it may be vice versa. But whatever the final markings, these cards are easy to read for the man who knows they are crooked, and hard to detect for the man who doesn't. All you can do, if you suspect sorts, is see whether the high cards have similar edges, and if the low cards are the opposite of the high.

Cards with over-all designs on the back can also be trimmed and made into fake sorts.

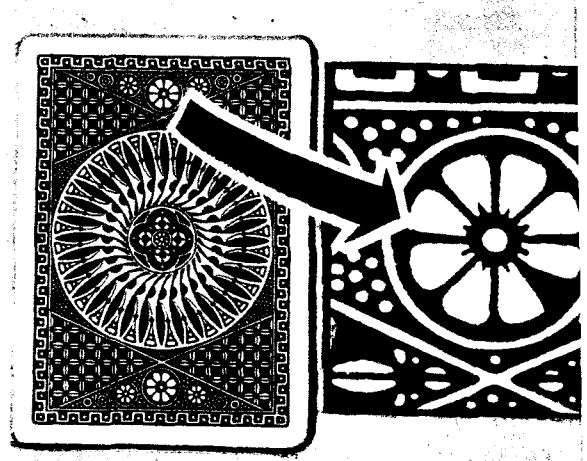
Luminous readers are so called because they are painted on the back with an invisible ink which tells what number the card is. The catch here, of course, is that the numbers are visible only when seen through special dark glasses or through a colored visor. The obvious lesson is never to play with guys who wear either—or, if you must, borrow them first and look at the backs of the cards yourself.

Pictures. Here's something else to remember. Don't play with cards that have pictures on the back. A beautiful scene may be a delight to your emotions, soldier, but such a scene can be reversed so that upside down it signals "high cards" and right side up "low." Or vice versa.

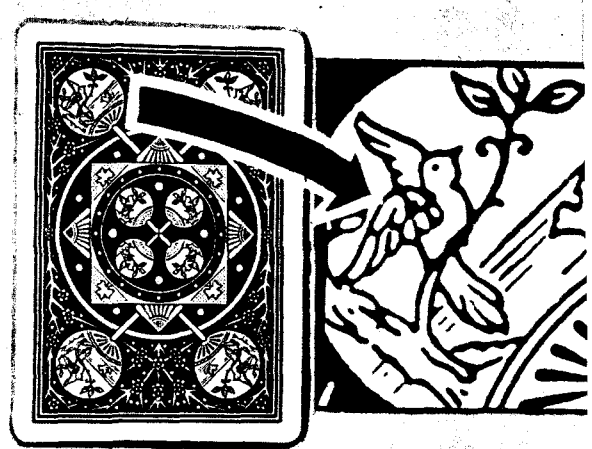
Indeed, the more obvious the trick, the fewer people catch it. And, if nothing else, sharpers are good psychologists.

There is only one rule Scarne can give you as an over-all tip for catching marked-card sharpers. Watch the guy who keeps his eyes glued to the backs of cards—the cards that are about to be dealt, the hole card in stud, the top of the deck in blackjack, the important card in any game.

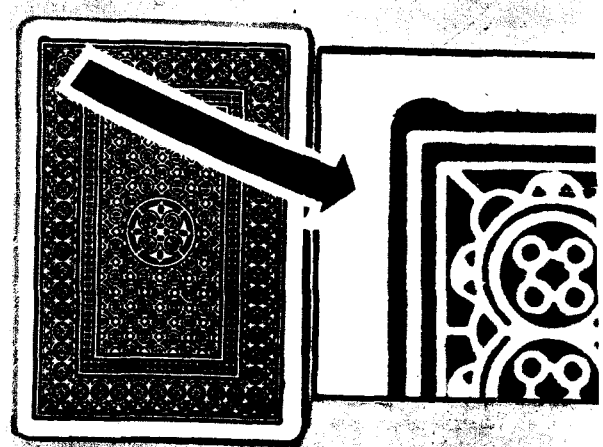
Another guy to watch out for is the man who takes a long chance and wins, who seems to raise too often and too well.



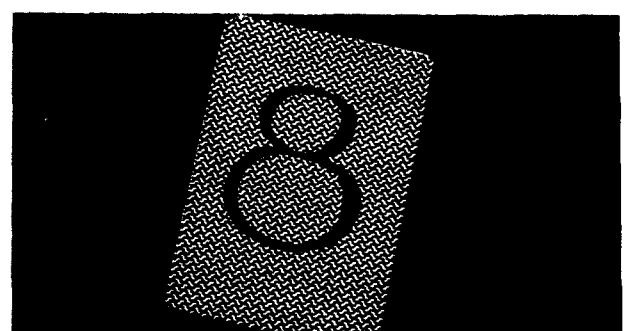
BLOCK-OUT. *Part of the white in one petal of the daisy is filled in, indicating number of card.*



LINE WORK. *Here a fine line is added or extended into the white surface around bird.*

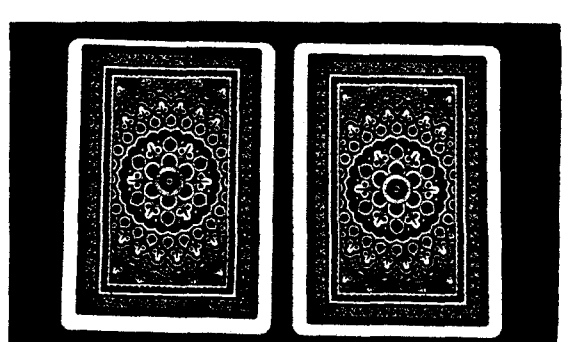


EDGE WORK. *A slight bevel or "belly" on edge of design indicates ace. Lower means lower card.*

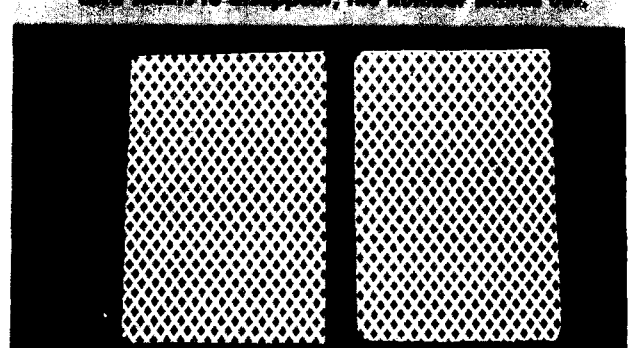


LUMINOUS READERS *look like this when they are seen through certain colored glasses. The card seems to disappear; the number stands out.*

SANDING *is a delicate operation. Edge of card is squared, gray sandpaper. Then it stands out immediately in contrast to other cards.*



TRIMMED *cards [illegible]*



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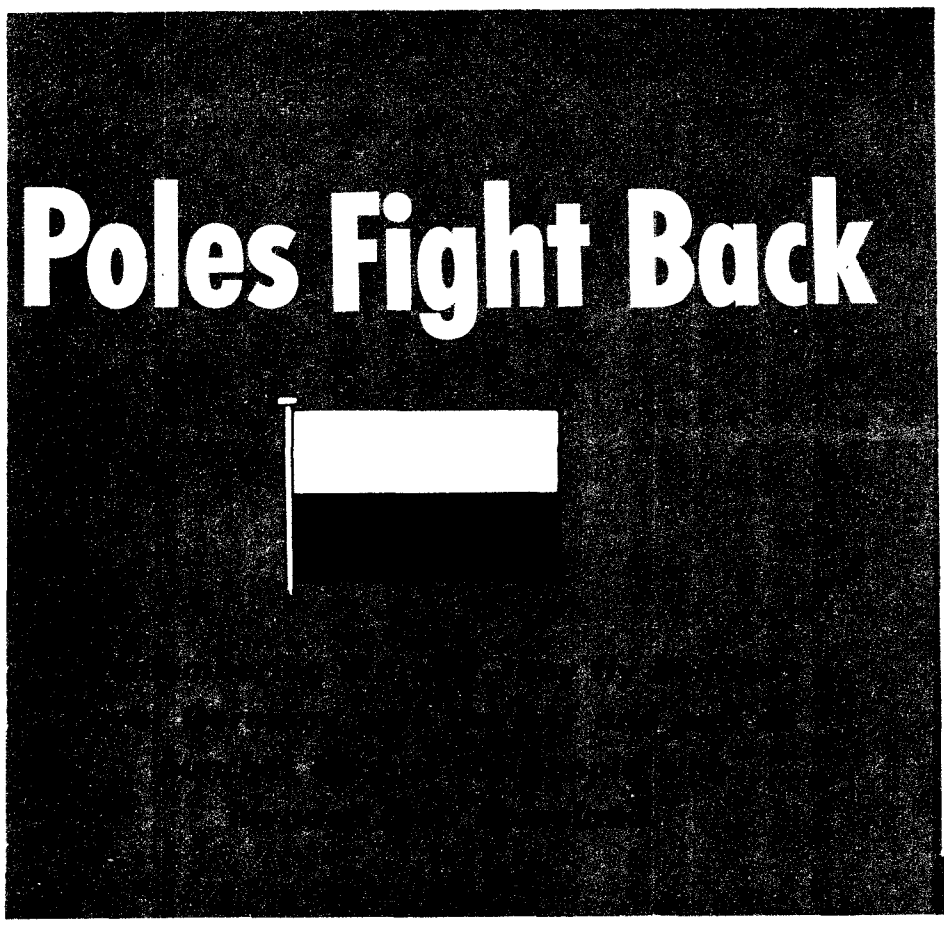
Poles Fight Back



SGT. WLADYSLAW, RADIO OPERATOR

SGT. JACEK, TAIL GUNNER

By Sgt. **WALTER PETERS**
YANK Staff Correspondent

A POLISH BOMBER STATION IN BRITAIN—If it is not a well-established fact, it is at least a well-authenticated rumor that the Polish Air Force is having a wonderful time these days. You hear stories of the men's laughter echoing through the fuselage of Wellington bombers 13,000 feet above Berlin. You hear stories of Polish pilots, sent out to light fires with incendiary bombs, stooging down till the flames touch their wing tips—just to see what damage they have done.

One of Hitler's proudest boasts was that he smashed the Polish Air Force in 1939 before it could even get off the ground. He didn't. He only smashed the machines. The spirit of that air force was unconquerable, and today, operating from British airfields, the Poles have more, bigger and better bombers than they had in Poland.

More than 10,000 Polish airmen are serving in conjunction with the RAF, and they have dropped more than 11 million pounds of bombs on Berlin, Hamburg, Essen, Dusseldorf, Cologne and a lot of other places. For a smashed air force, the Poles are doing right well for themselves.

The strangest thing about the Polish Air Force is that almost every man in it escaped from Nazi-dominated Europe. They tell a story about one group which made its way through Italy to Africa, thence to Gibraltar and finally to Britain. All the time they were dressed as old men and old women.

Another Polish Air Force story concerns a night before a raid when the boys had some fish for dinner and the fish wasn't particularly good. "It must have been feeding on German bodies in the Channel," Flight Officer Andrzej says. Anyway, a few minutes after leaving the base, the men began to get very nauseated. They held a short conference over the intercom and decided that a bellyache was not going to deprive them of the privilege of bombing a very important target, so they kept on following their group.

Some got to the climax of their sickness over the North Sea and others over Germany. All but the pilot. He didn't start puking until they were almost over the target.

He yelled for the navigator to take over.

"For God's sake, why?" the navigator asked.

"I've got this stuff all over me," the pilot answered.

The navigator took over without another question. He knew the pilot wasn't being demure or hygienic.

"Think if we were shot down," the pilot said later. "Those Nazis might think we got sick because we were scared of them, and what kind of an impression would that make?"

Most of the men in one group had been over enemy territory 10, 20 and even 50 times. The group captain himself has been over on 20 sorties. The GC is very modest about his own exploits but gives high praise to two Americans in his squadron.

One of them is Sgt. Bronislaw Godlewski of Chicago, described by the GC as "one of the bravest men I have ever met."

Godlewski is 19 and he enlisted with the Poles just before Pearl Harbor. Recently Air Vice Marshal Stanislaw Ujejski awarded him the *Virtuti Militari* and the Cross of Valor. Since last January the kid has made 10 operational flights over enemy targets.

The last time was over Essen, one of the most heavily defended of all the Nazi industrial strongholds. After they dropped their bombs, they were attacked six times by Jerry fighters. A hundred slugs from Nazi machine guns smashed into Godlewski's turret. But he kept his grip on the tail guns and at the same time directed the pilot in taking the proper evasive action. When they landed, the kid's buddies found him unconscious in the turret, badly wounded. It took them a half hour to release his wounded hands, so tightly were they gripping the handles of the machine guns. Both his hands had to be amputated.

All the men have a tremendous respect for the ground crews who service their planes. Flight Officer Andrzej was telling me about one of the Polish mechanics.

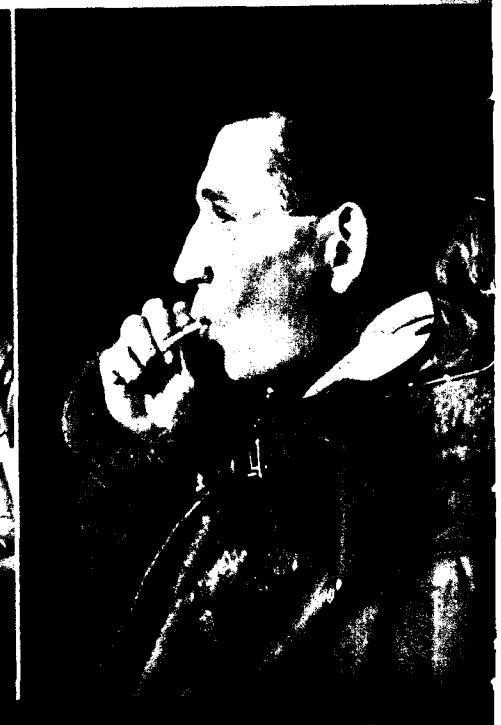
"I was just getting ready to go on an operational flight over Cologne one day," Andrzej said, "when I saw him hurriedly patting the chute in the pilot's seat. '*Co ty robisz?*' ('What are you doing?') I asked him. 'I have been looking for something I lost,' the mechanic said. Later, when I was returning from Cologne, I looked under the chute and found a silver crucifix. The next day I went to look for the mechanic to thank him.

" 'That's all right,' he said. 'I've been leaving that crucifix under your chute on every one of your operations. My mother gave it to me just before I escaped from the Germans. She said I would never have bad luck if I kept it close to me. I thought you could use a little luck.' "

SGT. STEFAN, RADIOMAN-GUNNER

FLYING OFFICER STASINK, PILOT

SGT. FRANEK, PILOT



SGT. STANISLAW, GUNNER

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

They Could Have Been Worse

IF ANYBODY in the house thinks the United States is fighting this World War all by itself, let him take a long hard look at the casualty figures published below.

Except for Bataan, we have not yet been called upon to make a great sacrifice of manpower. We have been at war a year and a half yet our total of 90,860 dead, wounded, missing and captured is small compared with Great Britain's 600,000 and Russia's 5,000,000 casualties.

For this we can thank our strategists in the Army and Navy high commands who have conducted their campaigns wisely since Pearl Harbor. But, above all, we can thank our allies who took it on the chin while we were building up strength for the Sunday punch.

In New Guinea, where most of us assumed that the fighting was strictly an American show, U.S. casualties were 4,319 while the Australians had 6,212 killed and wounded. About 1,000 of those American casualties were in the Air Forces. The Australians lost twice as many men as we did on the ground.

In North Africa, we fought bravely but there were only four U.S. divisions in action and 2,574 Americans killed, 897 fewer than the number of lives lost through automobile accidents in California during 1941. It was the British who buried most of the Allied dead in Tunisia.

And let's not forget that our casualties would be much higher if Russians had not fought so strongly against the Germans last summer. It's no secret that if the Red Army had allowed its lines to crack on the Eastern front, the British and Americans might have been forced into a desperate, premature invasion of Europe, at a loss of perhaps a million men.

Remember these comparisons of our own casualties with those of our allies the next time somebody hands you that old line about American boys dying to protect the women and children of Britain and Russia. The figures below don't make nice reading because they represent many a guy we knew in high school and many a recruit we slept next to in basic training. But they could have been much worse.

"Hey, Rocco. Any sign of them yet?"

STRICTLY G.I.

Our Casualties

THE WD has released the latest complete figures of Army casualties from Dec. 7, 1941, to June 24, 1943. Here are the figures, broken down into the different theaters:

Area	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
Asiatic	131	15	85	60	291
Central Pacific	272	412	57	0	741
European	436	664	1,196	594	2,890
Latin American	8	3	26	0	37
Middle Eastern	106	96	214	46	462
North African	2,574	9,437	1,620	5,107	18,738
North American (Includes the Aleutians and Western Atlantic)	864	1,246	214	0	2,324
Philippines (Includes 12,506 Philippine Scouts)	1,273	1,746	17,939	10,652	31,610
South Pacific (Mostly Guadalcanal)	622	1,165	236	0	2,023
Southwest Pacific (Mostly New Guinea)	1,242	2,344	1,100	156	4,842
	7,528	17,128	22,687	16,615	63,958

The Navy, Coast Guards and Marines list figures for the same period as follows:

Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
7,604	4,732	11,101	3,556	26,902

The total number of casualties suffered by all branches of the armed services from Dec. 7, 1941, to June 24, 1943, is 90,860.

Overseas Christmas Presents

Christmas gift packages may be mailed to a soldier overseas from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 without showing the post office a written request from the soldier or an envelope bearing an APO number. The usual regulations as to weight and size will prevail and each package must have lettered on it the words *Christmas Gift Parcel.* No more than one package may be mailed in any one week by the same person. The 30-day period mentioned, in case you're interested, has been officially designated as Christmas Mail Month.

GI Shop Talk

The new Army camp at Granada, Miss., has been named Camp McCain in honor of Maj. Gen. Henry P. McCain, the adjutant general of the Army from 1914 to 1918. . . . Bible manufacturers are being permitted to make steel-jacketed Bibles, but the metal is not thick enough for protection against direct rifle or machine-gun fire. . . . Before they attacked Attu, soldiers were issued plaster models of the island while still on the transports, so that every outfit knew exactly where it was going to land and attack. . . . The QMC has issued a chocolate bar that will stay solid up to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The average chocolate bar melts at 85 degrees. . . . From now on every dogface will be taught to cook for himself—just in case. . . . EM in Tank Destroyer units are now officially members of the Field Artillery. . . . One of the first Army outfits to land in Guadalcanal was a QM laundry unit. The men fought with the Infantry until the Japs were driven into the interior, then set up their GI laundry.

Army Insignia Regulations

The manufacture and sale of Army insignia by civilian firms has been prohibited by the WD, and such companies are to have their licenses revoked within four months after notification. Soldiers will hereafter buy Army insignia at post exchanges or QM stores only. The new regulations will help the WD enforce its rules against civilians wearing Army insignia and will also save metal needed for essential war uses.

Erratum

YANK, No. 2, Vol. 2, carried a story and picture of 14 Negro OCS graduates in England, referring to them as the first graduates of a Negro OCS. This was an error. They were the first Negro graduates of the regular OCS in the ETO. There is no special OCS for Negroes either in England or anywhere else.

Washington O.P.

MAJ. GEN. DAVENPORT JOHNSON, commander of the Second Air Force, calculates that at least half of the bomber crews listed as missing over Europe are still alive, having parachuted or crash-landed. Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, chief of the Eighth Air Force, recently wrote Gen. Johnson that if the new gangs he sends over are as good as the old ones, "it won't even be a fair war." . . . The EM in Tunisia who dreamed up an improved sight for the bazooka, now in mass production for the Ordnance Department, is in line for a decoration. . . . Observers back from North Africa tell us that the jeep was so far superior to anything the enemy had that Italian soldiers were given a reward equivalent to a month's pay for each of our jeeps they captured. "Jeep" is now an international word, understood by English, French, Arabs, Germans, and Italians.

If you can think in terms of cool billions, you can get some idea of what it costs to run a war from the 72-billion Army Appropriation Bill passed by Congress. With the funds thus provided the Army will have to spend money at the rate of nearly 200 million dollars a day, including Sundays. The AAF gets the biggest hunk—23 billions. —YANK's Washington Bureau

This Week's Cover

PVT. ROGER CRAM, ex-bellhop of Medford, Conn., was unlucky in getting a toothache, but, being in New Guinea, he was lucky in having a good man to take care of it. The dentist in charge is Lt. W. A. Reiter of Melcher, Iowa.

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SALVAGED WIRE is being rewound on cable drums by men of Construction Battalion.

COMMANDING OFFICER of this outfit is Maj. James E. Bartgis of Frederick, Md.

[illegible] over land lines. The messages are typed out, then delivered.

COURIER SERVICE section where armed couriers pick up messages to go to field units.

MESS HALL for this Construction Battalion is in the great North African outdoors. It's stand-up chow, and all, including officers, eat here, with no exception to general use of mess kits.

ON LAND a crew of pole setters raise one in place near a base HQ. A wire crew follows. Such outfits have set new records for speed.

IN WATER an X frame is used instead of the usual T frame in rapid pole-line construction. Behind pole is a tractor-drawn wire feeder.

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of the Signal Corps Battalion seen through barbed wire. Large tents at the left are used by officers. Enlisted men set up pup tents. This unit, photographed by YANK's Sgt. Pete Paris, is typical of Signal Corps outfits which have set high standards in North Africa.

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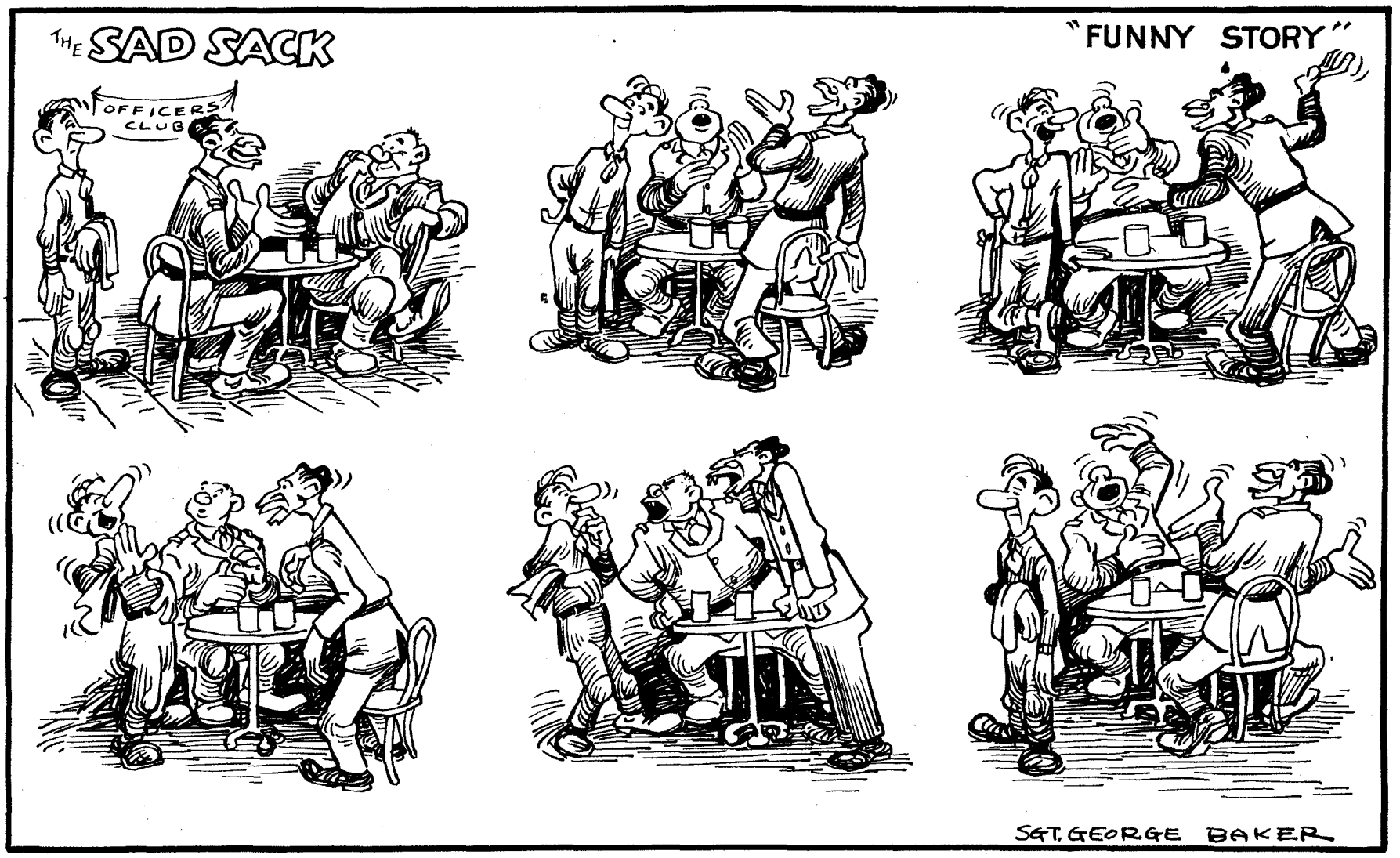

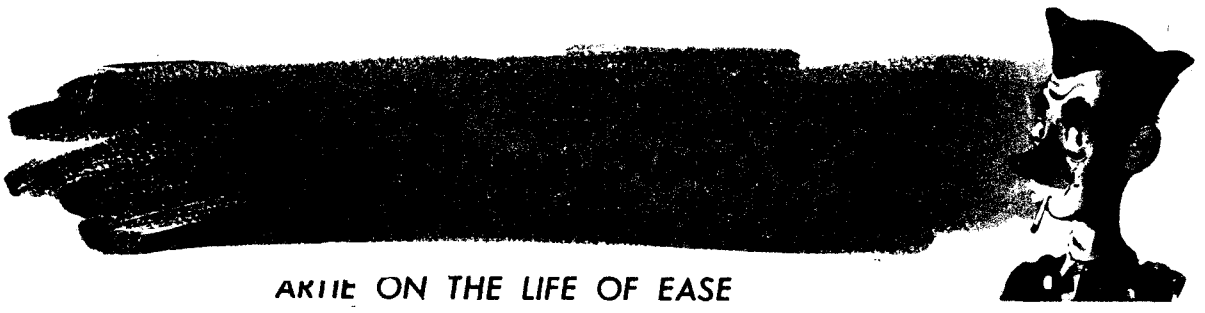

ARTIE ON THE LIFE OF EASE

"I AIN'T one to complain," Artie Greengroin said, "but I wish they'd not of sent me to the English Isle." Artie was sitting in the kitchen, his legs wrapped around a huge caldron of unpeeled potatoes. In another, much smaller, caldron lay the seven he had succeeded in peeling in the last hour. Artie, for the thousandth time, was on KP. He was browned off as a pan of home frieds.

We lounged against a door, moodily eating a raw cauliflower, watching Artie lay on with the knife.

"Maybe you'd like it better in Labrador," we suggested.

"Maybe I would," Artie said. "You never can tell about a Greengroin. We like the gawdamnedest places."

"You wouldn't like Labrador," we said.

"Jess don't be too sure," Artie said. "I got some very good reasons to like Labrador. In the foist place, it's a unfertile country. Nothing grows there. Nothing but ice. You don't find no pertaters in Labrador. Everything comes out of the can. They's no KP. They's no work at all."

"You heard of Maine and Idaho?" we asked.

"Yeah. States," said Artie.

"Well," we said, "they take potatoes from Maine and Idaho and they put them on boats and they send them up to Labrador for those boys to peel."

Artie's eyes widened. "They do?" he said. "Why, the doity ole bassars. Thass all they do, make our life a hell. You'd think they get a bunch of Joes up in Labrador they'd say, 'Well, them boys is having a hard time up there with all that ice and stuff, we jess won't send 'em no pertaters to peel.' Thass what you'd think they'd say, huh? But what do they do? They toin right around and give you a hit on the udder cheek. What a war.

"Maybe if I got me a transfer to India things would be different."

"They'd be hotter," we said.

"They's nothing like slipping a body into a nice, cool hunk of khaki," Artie said. "Thass the way they do things in India. In India a pfc. is really something. You go out and hire somebody to make your bed and give the ole shine to your shoes and you jess lie on the veranda and wet your whistle. You want to enjoy the Army go to India."

We said that we wouldn't enjoy the Army wherever we were.

"It jess goes to show," Artie said. "Thass what comes of being a soft apple. A man's got to be able to acclimate himself. I acclimate very well. If I was shipped to India tomorrer I would slip into the life of ease like a native. I can get used to a fruit diet, jess like anything else. They's no pertaters in India."

"You forgot about those ships?" we wanted to know.

Artie dropped the potato he was working on. "Ah, you don't mean it," he said. "You don't mean to tell me they send them ships full of pertaters all the way to India?"

"That's what we mean," we said.

"Well, I'll be the son of a first sergeant," Artie said. "Honest to gaw, what them ole bassars won't do. It makes me boin, honest to gaw." He picked up the potato he had been working on and threw it out the open window "They jess ain't no place in this whole woild thass sacred to leisure, is they?"

"You hit the spike on the cephalos," we said.

"Yeah," Artie said, "ain't it the truth. Well, thass jess another dream busted. Jess another dream. I ain't got many of them left these days."

THE vast hulk of the mess sergeant loomed up at the window. "Who trun that spud?"

Artie looked at him casually. "Oh, hullo, sergeant," he said. "I'm going like a house afire. These pertaters is a breeze. Nothing to it at all, sergeant."

The mess sergeant is probably the only man in the world of whom Artie is afraid. To him the mess sergeant is the whole German Army, a death ray, the Blue Beetle, Submariner and God knows what else, all rolled into one. Before his eyes, the jelly that is Greengroin quivers and trembles.

"Who trun that spud?" said the mess sergeant.

"You mean out of the winder?" Artie asked.

"Thass what I mean," said the mess sergeant.

"Maybe it was me," Artie said. "Was it me?" he asked us.

"It was you," we said.

"I was carried away by a subjeck I was conversing with," Artie said.

"Greengroin, yer a no-good," the mess sergeant said. "Was the subjeck you was conversing with KP by any chanct?"

"It was the subjeck of the life of ease," Artie said.

"Well, all I got to say at this very moment," the mess sergeant said, "is that it's too bad it wasn't KP, because KP is a subjeck you are going to be very conversing on, because you are going to be doing KP for the next week, if you can be spared, and I got a feeling you can be spared."

With that the vast bulk of the mess sergeant disappeared from the window. With a sigh, Artie turned back to his work. "Honest to gaw," he said, "do they really send pertaters all the way to India."

They clutch at straws, do drowning men.

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MESSAGE CENTER

Pvt. Charles Merson, Hq. Co., Sta. Comp. Fort Dix, N. J., would like to get in touch with someone who knew **S/Sgt. Bernard Saltz**, 366th Bomb Sq., 305th Bomb Gp., before his last flight. . . . **Pfc. John B. Harris**, 630 TSS Bl. 5, Bks. 8, Gulfport, Miss., wants news from **Sgt. Herman Mead** and **Pfc. George Choate**, both in the S. Pacific. . . . **Pvt. Howard P. Holman**, Public Relations Office, Hendricks Field, Fla., wants to hear from **Curt Head**, in the Navy, formerly of Ozark, Ala. . . . **Pvts. Fred Crossen** and **Ben Pope** should write to **Pfc. Benny Van Cleve**, Co. B, 11th Inf., Camp Ettinger, Va. . . . **S/Sgt. William H. Stiles**, whose picture appeared in *Words Across the Sea* in an April issue of YANK, should write to **Pfc. Gene Gay**, Hq. Btry., 3d CA, Fort MacArthur, Calif. . . . If anyone knows the whereabouts of **Sgt. George Gavaris** and **Hank Fortune**, formerly of the 579th Tech. Sch. Sq., Miami Beach, will he write **Lt. Harry Kalmanowitz**, Base Disp., Med. Det., Esler Field, La.? . . . **Pvt. Joseph Calenza**, Hq. AEIC, Camp Shelby, Miss., sends greeting to his two half brothers: **M/Sgt. Michael Lucciola** and **S Sgt. Sal Lucciola**, both overseas. . . . **Lt. Winston W. Forward**, Sta. Hosp., Fort Meade, Md., wants to hear from friends formerly with the **67th CA (AA), Fort Bragg, N. C.** . . . **Sgt. Frank J. Killian**, 2d Cas. Co., Sec. 2 Staging Area, CPE, Charleston, S. C., wants news from **Lts. Dave Kaminsky, Rudy Beury, Cpl. Richard Kitchen** and other friends. . . . **Sgt. Arthur W. Petersen**, Btry. H, 2d CA, Fort Macon, N. C., wants to hear from his friends in the **244th CA**. . . . **1st Lt. B. J. Munnerlyn**, Hq. AAAF, Victoria, Tex., wants to make contact with men who were in the **15th FA, Med. Det.** in 1939 and '41, especially **S Sgts. W. J. Johns** and **S. H. Strather**. . . . **Pfc. Ed Harriman**, 344th AB Sq. NCAB, Wilmington, Del., wants a line from **Pvt. Bill Allen**, Alaska. . . . **Pvt. Frank S. Cacciatore**, 901st Tng. Gp., AAFTTC, Miami Beach, Fla., wants to hear from **Pfc. Philip A. Torrisi**, somewhere in the N. Atlantic. . . . **Cpl. Frank A. Staab**, 333 Base Hq. and AB Sq., Seymour Johnson Field, N. C., wants to hear from **Cpl. Lawrence Paul, "Smokey" Nelson, "Red" Smith** and **Thomas** and **"Whitey" Cox**. . . . Will **Pvt. Gould** write to **Pvt. John Meloney**, Btry. A, 26th Bn., FARTC, 6th Regt., Fort Sill, Okla.? . . . **Sgt. Jimmy Kidd**, 482d, SEFT Sq., Aloe AAF, Victoria, Tex., wants news from **Don Gordoni** and **William Kolling**, who were at Scott Field Radio School. . . . **Pfc. Thomas F. Hinchey**, Co. C, 818th TD Bn., Camp Bowie, Tex., wants to hear from his cousin, **Pvt. Thomas J. Hinchey** of Providence, R. I., now in Africa. . . . **Afc. Mildred Frank**, 131st Post Hq. Co., AAF, Bergstrom Field, Austin, Tex., wants news from someone who knew **Ernest W. Siegner**, who was with the 19th Engrs. . . . Will **Gean (Utah) Kone** write to **Pfc. Robert L. Keating**, Co. F, 507th Prcht. Inf., AAB, Alliance, Nebr.?

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Chamberlain

Denning

Hecock

From the side of an Army troop ship, **T/Sgt. Carl E. Chamberlain** tells Cpl. Jerry Loop, Camp Young, Indio, Calif.: "If you have any sense, stay where you are. You can't get seasick in the desert." . . . **Pvt. John J. Denning** of San Francisco, Calif., is making his first trip overseas. The native son tells his sister, 1st Lt. Helen Denning, Santa Ana, Calif.: "This is the cheapest way to see the world, but so far nothing compares with San Francisco. So why travel?" . . . **Cpl. Alfred P. Hecock** on his way overseas wants T/Sgt. Keller at Westover Field, Mass., to notice his "tropical clip." Hecock explains: "I was in the barber shop when we crossed the equator."

Hungerford & Co.

Holland

Bulaga

Pvt. J. E. Hungerford & Co. (Pvts. Jim Dean, **George Miller, Paul Steffen and Harold Braden**) hope their absent partner, Pfc. R. E. Pelleymounter, who is visiting French West Africa with the armed forces, will see this and write them at 93d Dep. Rep. Sq., Brookley Field, Mobile, Ala. . . . **Pvt. Arthur Holland** tells Sgt. Ervin Burch, overseas: "I saw Dan on my furlough. The rest of the boys are in the service. Write me at Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 9th Inf., Camp McCoy, Wis." . . . **Sgt. Walter C. Bulaga** wants Robert J. Dockery, Hawaii, to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. He adds: "I'll meet you at Carson's after the war. Order me a short one."

Adams

Brown

Lyseczko

Pfc. Charley Adams of Wilton, Maine, now stationed in India, asks Pfc. Maurice Cox, somewhere in the S. Pacific, to say hello to the men in Co. B, then tells his brother, Pvt. Harold Adams at Portland, Maine: "Portland, Oreg., may not be as good as Portland, Maine, but it's still tops in India." . . . **S/Sgt. J. N. Brown**, stationed in China, would like Sgt. Francis Colbert, last heard of at Hq. Sq. 77th AB Gp., Mather Field, Calif., to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Mick Lyseczko**, PRO photographer, asks A. C. Black S1c, with whom he worked on the "March of Time" in New York: "Is Huitt still with you? Write me at APO 885, New York."

Norton

Wishnew

Ware

Cpl. Alfred Norton of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., tells his cousin, Cpl. Alfred Norton, who is in the Signal Corps, about Persia: "Come on over. But I warn you, you can't locate a woman even with Radar here." . . . **Cpl. Marty Wishnew**, of the Brooklyn Wishnews, sends this message from the Middle East to his brother, 2d Lt. Harry Wishnew: "Come on over and we'll show these guys what makes the Dodgers click." . . **T/5 Philip O. Ware** of Wilmington, Vt., tells his cousin, Lt. Roger Davis, in the Infantry in Africa: "There are no birthday cards to be had on board ship, so I am wishing you a very happy birthday this way."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
These eight cue balls have appeared in Co. M, 353d Inf. at Camp Carson, Colo. Not one has an eighth of an inch of hair left on his head. Top row, left to right: Pvt. Harry Layman, Sgt. Charles Large, Pvts. Frank Frye Jr. and Grady Sanders. Bottom row, left to right: Pvt. Pedro Ribera, Pfc. Charles Basch, Pvts. Frank Horvath and Noah Amaral. They should all join the "Hair Corps."

—Pfc. CHARLES BASCH

Camp Carson, Colo.

Dear YANK:
I object to your statement in an editorial [in a May issue of YANK]: the Germans and Italians ran from Tunisia "as the Poles ran from Warsaw." The Poles did not run from Warsaw. They withstood the invasion for three weeks and did not surrender until their city was pulverized by the *Luftwaffe* and heavy artillery.

—Pvt. H. SZAREK

Camp McQuaide, Calif.

■ YANK should know better. For story on Polish fighters, see page 10.

Dear YANK:
In your visits to home towns in the U. S., how about Brooklyn? There's *plenty* of boys from Brooklyn in the services who would like to know about the different avenues which are the center of all activities.

—Pfc. EDWARD CARAVETTO

Tyndall Field, Fla.

■ We sent a man to Brooklyn to do the town last week. He's somewhere between Canarsie and Ebbets Field with half a canteen of water and K rations for three days. If he gets out alive, we'll have a story for you.

Dear YANK:
If it weren't for YANK and its puzzles I'm sure there would be plenty of Section 8s in places like this. (Then again, maybe I'll get one for walking round mumbling words, trying to work the "Tee-Total.")

—Pvt. H. A. O'LEARY

Greenville, Pa.

Dear YANK:
Please quote me classified advertising rates in the YANK, also display rates. What is the circulation of your paper?

—Pfc. FRANK C. HUDSON

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.

■ YANK carries no advertising; its circulation is restricted information which we cannot reveal for security reasons. Anybody in the United Nations armed forces or merchant marine may send a message to a buddy in YANK. You send it in, we'll print it.

Dear YANK:
Please accept thanks for your editorial "The Spelling of Democracy." Apple pie and razzing the Dodgers are, as you say, pleasant symbols of our objectives, but I don't know very many people who would be willing to fight, bleed and die for such trivial things. The more we realize how deep-rooted and fundamental are the issues of the war, the more likely we are to devote our whole energies and abilities to the prosecution of the war. The democracy-is-a-weiner-roast-at-Aunt Susie's and morale-is-a-lot-of-little-things lines have been aired so frequently that it is a pleasure to see them properly evaluated. It is especially pleasing that the evaluation should be made in your columns, so that we may remind ourselves, we soldiers, that we are not knights in armor riding to the protection of apple pie.

—Pvt. GEORGE CONNOR

Fort Riley, Kans.

Dear YANK:
I see by the papers that the American Legion is soliciting for veterans of this war, and I don't believe it is right. We should have our own organization after this war. When the previous war ended the Spanish-American War Veterans tried to absorb men from the World War, but they said nix, and the result was the present Legion. Twelve million men is a goodly percentage to shape the type of world we want it to be. We should have our own say in the matter, and let's have our own organization.

—Pvt. S. BARON

Atterbury AAF, Columbus, Ind.

Dear YANK:
S/Sgt. Hobart Skidmore's comments on the V-Mail situation outlined in your May 21 editorial are remarkably clear, concise and to the point. Let us hope that the new regulation does not contemplate permitting newspaper subscriptions to be sent overseas. I've stood at mail call and seen some man get an awful armful of papers from his home town. Perhaps these papers covered a period of two or three weeks, accumulated at one of the postal stations along the line. In 15 minutes he is through with them. Just picture how many sugar reports could have gone into that mail sack if there had been no papers.

—T/5 HARRY R. DE LONG

Alaska

Dear YANK:
We believe that the letter concerning the wearing of officers' sun tans by EM in *Mail Call* [in a June YANK] deserves more than a little comment. We are sorry, all of us, for poor S/Sgt. Campbell and all soldiers who find themselves confronted by such great war hazards. We are certain that if he and others were allowed to wear their officers' sun tans we should all walk through the ashes of the Axis much sooner.

—S/Sgt. JACK J. DEWHURST

Alaska

Dear YANK:
Is Saroyan kidding you or vice versa?

—O/C T. F. VAHEY

Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear YANK:
My gripe and that of the rest of the fellows stationed here is about all the strikes that are going on in the States. If these men don't want to work for their country, why not give the jobs to men like us who are willing to work to get the war over. What would they do if the Army, Navy and Marines went on strike for more money?

—Cpl. GEORGE A. LEAVER, Jr.

South Caribbean Area

Dear YANK:
I am sending you a picture of the long and short of Fort Fisher, N. C. On the left is Pvt. Robins, 46, of New York City, who is 5 feet ¾ inch tall. The man on the right is Pvt. George S. Carlson, 6 feet 8 inches tall, who comes from northern Minnesota

—Pvt. GEORGE S. CARLSON

Camp Davis, N. C.

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Mrs. Harrison speaking

By Cpl. WARREN BLEDSOE

Reprinted from Craig Field (Ala.) Journal

A RICH feminine voice with a strong Virginia accent came through the receiver.

"Hello! Hello!" it said. "Is this Craig Field?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Pvt. Burns. "This is the service desk."

"I'm Key-ah-tah Henry Harrison's mother."

"Ma'am?"

"I say I'm Key-ah-tah Henry Harrison's mother. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, before you get him to the telephone, tell me how is Key-ah-tah?"

"Key-ah-tah?"

"Yes, Key-ah-tah, my son."

"I don't think I know him."

"Don't know him?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, I must say I think that's very peculiar. When Key-ah-tah went to the Virginia Military Institute inside of a week everyone on the campus knew him."

"Well, I'm afraid I don't know him."

"He's there at Craig Field, isn't he?"

"I'll look and see."

"Do. What's yoah name?"

"I'm the service desk man tonight."

"I know that, honey, but what yoah *name?*"

"Burns, ma'am, Tom Burns."

"Are you any kin to the Burnses here in Richmond?"

There was a painful silence. Then, "No ma'am," said Burns. "My folks live in Alabama."

"Well, they didn't always live in Alabama, did they?"

"Yes, ma'am, they did."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison. "Are you an Indian? How interesting! How did you ever get to be named Burns?"

"My father was named Burns, but I'm not. . . ."

"I'm descended from Pocahontas myself," said Mrs. Harrison, "but I don't think that really counts. Are you descended from Pocahontas? We might be able to call you a Virginian if you are."

"No, ma'am, I'm not descended from Pocahontas, and I'm not. . . ."

"Well, well, I guess we better not keep chatting like this. It costs *money* you know. This is a long-distance call. Get Key-ah-tah to the phone please."

"What's that name?"

"Key-ah-tah. Key-ah-tah Henry Harrison."

"Would you spell that please?"

"C-a-r-t-e-r."

"Carter?"

"Yes, Key-ah-tah. Cawn't you hyah me?"

"Yes, ma'am. Lemme look now. I don't see your son's name on our list, ma'am. But we don't have a complete list on recruits."

"Recruits! You don't consider Key-ah-tah a recruit, do you? Key-ah-tah went to VMI."

"I've got him here. Yes, ma'am. He's a recruit all right."

"Call him to the phone."

"I'm sorry. I can't. All the recruits are in bed for the night."

"Why, it's only half-past 9 o'clock."

"I know, but those boys need their sleep."

"Oh, go along. If they're as big and strong as Key-ah-tah, they've got no business needing sleep. You sure I can't speak to Key-ah-tah?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then get me the commanding officer."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'm afraid. . . ."

"Don't be afraid of him, honey. I know these Army officers?"

Burns rang the officer of the day.

"This is Lt. Smith speaking," he heard.

"Lt. Smith," said Mrs. Harrison. "I want to speak to the commanding officer."

"Who is calling?" asked Lt. Smith.

"This is Mrs. Harrison at the Wigwam."

"Would you repeat that please?"

"I say, this is Mrs. Harrison at the Wigwam. The Wigwam on the James."

YANK FICTION

"Is . . . that . . . er, a night club?" asked Lt. Smith, a trifle puzzled.

"A night club? A night club! It most certainly is not!"

"It isn't?"

"Do you mean to say you're an officer in the United States Army and never heard of the Wigwam on the James?"

"No, ma'am, I haven't."

"Well, it's a house, an old house. Gen. Lee slept here and Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, and my father-in-law, Gen. Harrison, was a very distinguished general."

"Pvt. Burns," said Lt. Smith, "give this lady Maj. Fiddlesgift."

"Yes, sir," said Burns.

He rang the major.

"H'lo," said Maj. Fiddlesgift.

"Is this the commanding officer at Craig Field?" asked Mrs. Harrison.

"Speaking for him," said the major.

"Well, this is Mrs. Robert E. Lee Harrison."

"Yes, Mrs. Harrison?"

"I'm calling up about my bow-wee."

"Yes, Mrs. Harrison?"

"I keep wondering if he has a dry place to sleep and is getting enough to eat."

"I can assure you, ma'am, if he is at this post, he is dry and well fed."

"Well, that's fine. What's yoah name?"

"Fiddlesgift, ma'am."

"Stuffy?"

"What?"

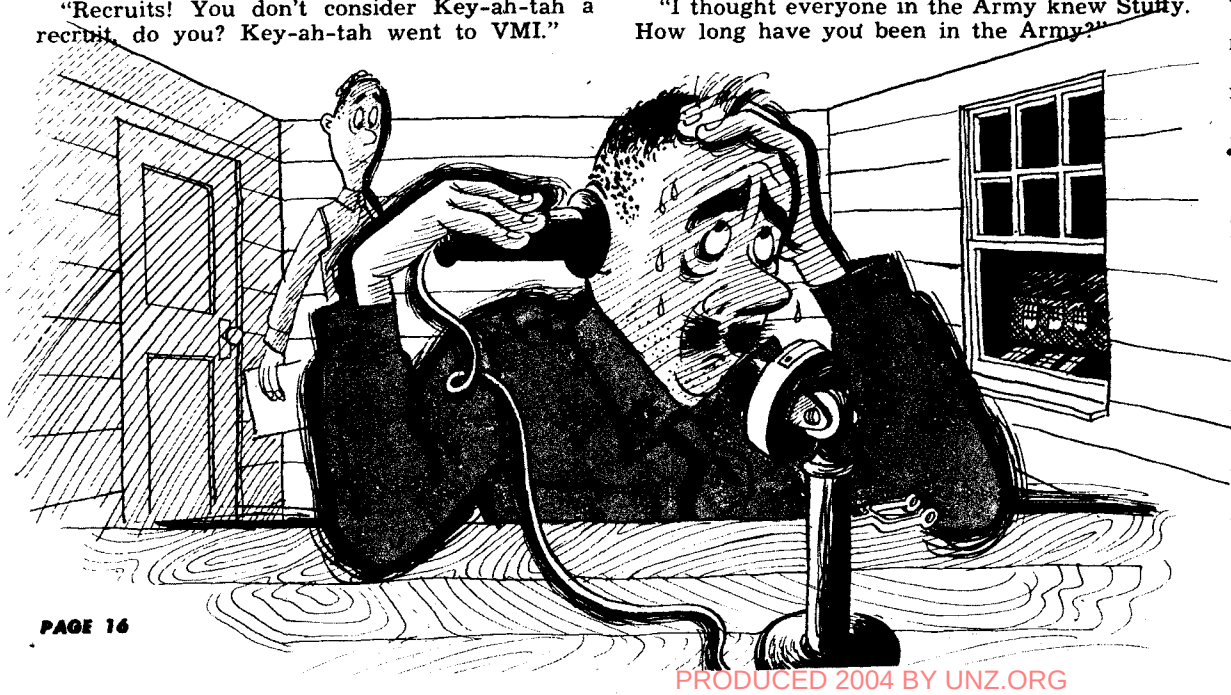
"Stuffy? Are you Stuffy Fiddlesgift?"

"No, madam. I am not Stuffy Fiddlesgift."

"I just wondered. I knew Stuffy when he was going to West Point. I've wondered what became of him."

"Never having known Stuffy, I couldn't say."

"I thought everyone in the Army knew Stuffy. How long have you been in the Army?"



"Twenty-three years, madam. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"Why, yes. I'd like to speak to Key-ah-tah."

"Key-ah-tah?"

"Yes, you know. My bow-wee."

"Ask the operator to ring the day room of his squadron."

"I can't get that Indian of yours to do that."

"Indian?"

"Yes . . . the Indian."

"What Indian?"

"That Indian you have operating the switchboard."

"Madam, I can assure you we have no Indian operating any switchboard."

"Well, he told me he was an Indian . . . a full-blooded Indian. Some of them are quite intelligent, you know. I'm descended from Pocahontas, but I thought it was peculiar because he said his name was Burns and. . . ."

"Just a moment," said the major.

He jiggled the receiver.

"Reception desk," said Burns with alacrity.

"Burns?"

"Yes, Maj. Fiddlesgift."

"Did you tell this lady you were an Indian?"

"No, sir."

"She says you did."

"No, sir. I didn't tell her I was an Indian."

"Why, you crazy bow-wee. You know you did."

"Sir," said Burns. "I told her my folks always lived in Alabama and she told herself they were Indians. Then I couldn't. . . ."

"What do you mean," thundered Maj. Fiddlesgift, "by carrying on small talk with people who call up here?"

"I was just being polite," said Burns. "She asked me where I came from."

"THE boy's right," chimed in Mrs. Harrison, "it was my fault. By the way, you aren't Corky Fiddlesgift, are you?"

"No, madam."

"He used to come here to the Wigwam when he was at VMI. I've lost track of Corky. I wonder if he's still in the Army."

"I happen to know Corky, and he is. Yes."

"Well, give him my love when you see him."

"Ah-hem!" said the major.

"Well, I should like to keep chatting, major," said Mrs. Harrison, "but it costs *money,* and I've got to talk to Key-ah-tah a little bit. How about getting that Indian of yours to get him for me?"

"Burns," said Maj. Fiddlesgift, "get Pvt. Harrison for this lady."

"I hope you won't keep him a private forever, major," said Mrs. Harrison.

"That depends entirely on him," said the major, and then a little irritably, "Burns, do you hear me? Get Pvt. Harrison for this lady."

"Sir," said Burns. "Harrison is a recruit, and he isn't supposed to come to the phone at this time of the night."

"It won't hurt him to get up this once," put in Mrs. Harrison. "And besides, Burns, you heard what the major said. Do it at once, honey. Don't you ever hesitate to make my bow-wee mind, Maj. Fiddlesgift. The first thing a soldier should know is to obey orders. Burns, where did you get your military training?"

"Burns," said the major icily. "Get Harrison for this lady at once."

"Thank you so much, Maj. Fiddlesgift," said Mrs. Harrison. "Come and see us whenever you come through Richmond. We're at the Wigwam on the James. . . ."

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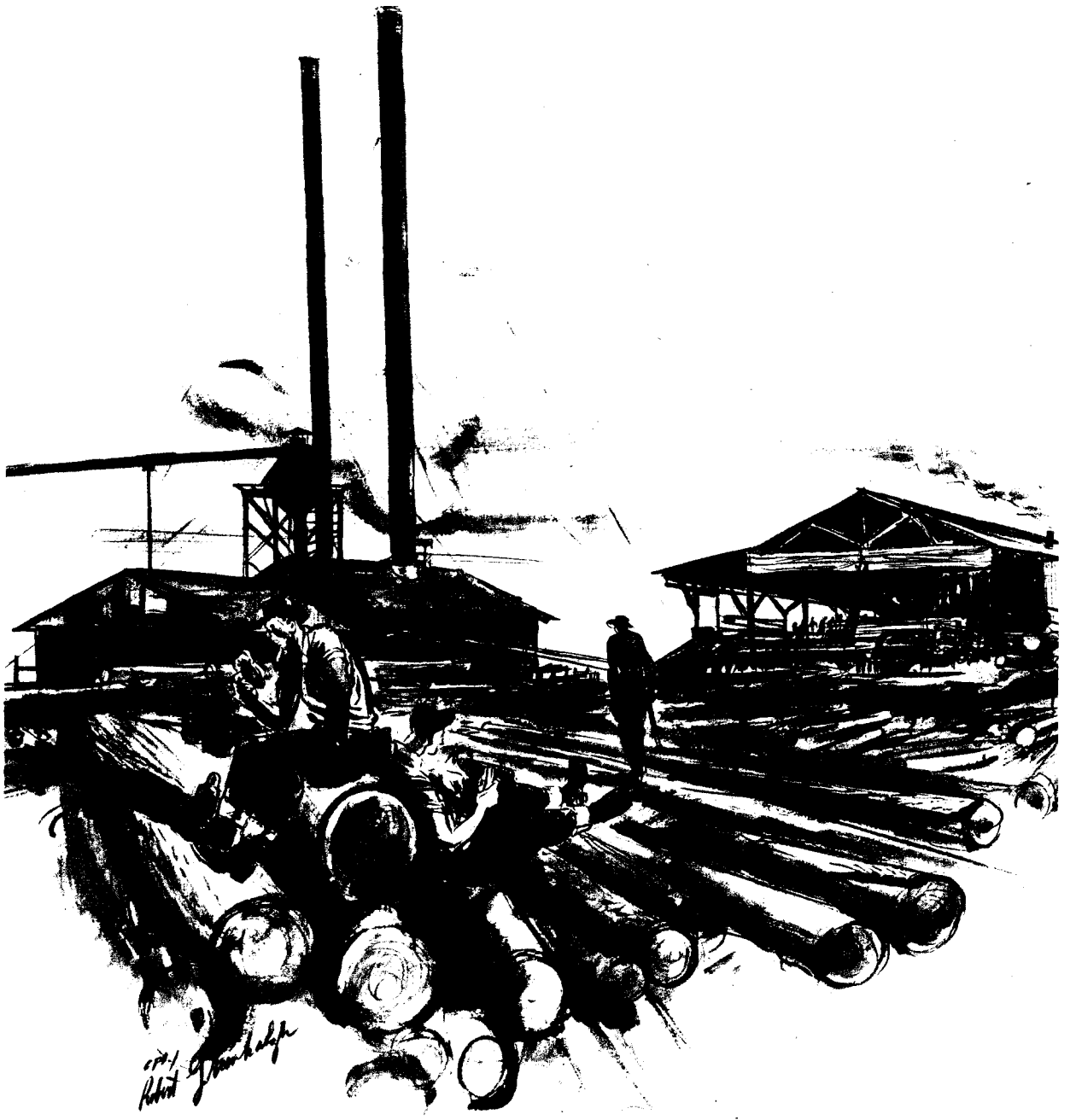
ARKADELPHIA, Ark.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer



YANK visits another U. S. community to report how it has changed since Pearl Harbor. Your town may appear here soon.

ARKADELPHIA, ARK.—There has not been such a lack of excitement in Arkadelphia since the Yankees captured the town in 1865, spiked the one little cannon that sits now in front of the library and went off without perpetrating the slightest atrocity on the disappointed citizens.

No war industry has come to Arkadelphia.

Ouachita and Henderson State Teachers, the two colleges which support the town, are stripped of students and having tough going.

The strict prayer-meeting tradition still rules —which means no open dancing, no open drinking, no open you-know-what.

There is still the same strange combination of magnolias, illiteracy, culture, moonshine and vice. And beautiful furniture brought by steamboat from New Orleans before the Civil War.

The hundreds of girls marooned at the two colleges are without men—except for a handful of enlisted reserves and the Ouachita divinity students, whose idea of a date is to take a girl down to the jailhouse with a small organ and let her watch while they convert a drunken prisoner.

For a while it looked as if things were going to pick up when two detachments of Air Force technical troops arrived at Henderson and Ouachita, respectively, for ASTP training. Capt. Charles Hageman, CO of the Ouachita detachment, laid down the law, however, in his opening speech to the men. "This is a town of hard-shelled Baptists and boy-crazy girls," said Capt. Hageman. "You're here to work—remember that. I'll have no loafing—especially around the girls' dormitory. And if you hear any whistling, keep your nose going in the same direction. They'll whistle at anybody. They even whistled at *me*."

So that was that. The only way the soldiers and the gals can get together now is at heavily chaperoned dances and by Morse-code (with flashlight) through the dormitory windows.

The town itself is so strongly tied to the two schools that the two residential districts are named Henderson and Ouachita, two-thirds of every class graduating from Arkadelphia High School goes directly to one or the other of the two colleges, and Main and Sixth Streets, the principal intersection, has one corner for its Henderson hang-out and the opposite corner for its Ouachita hang-out.

One way to judge how the town has been affected by the war is to examine the attendance at major sporting events. Last winter when Ouachita's Arkansas AAU championship basketball team played the Memphis Naval Cadets, one of the best teams in the country, the gym was little more than half filled. There just isn't anyone around to attend the games any more. The young men have all been drafted or are on the verge of leaving. The older men and girls are going away to work in the new cinnabar (quicksilver) mines which have opened up in northern Clark County or in the new Alcoa plant at Lake Catherine or the huge Janesville and Pine Bluff ordnance plants. For these same reasons, the crackerjack teams at the Peake Negro High School have been eliminated.

A lot of the girls are working now in a new Arkadelphia factory, set up in the old Chrysler salesrooms and known tantalizingly as the Hollywood-Maxwell Brassiere Company. This establishment makes fancy high-priced brassieres, some of which are rumored to be worn by the movie stars themselves. The opening was a cause for great civic celebration, involving speeches, flowers, refreshments and a special representative sent down from Little Rock by the governor. The new plant employs 60 women at fairly good wages, and the town is highly appreciative. "At least," says Bill Halliburton, editor of the *Siftings Herald*, "we know it is a safe industry which will not fold up after the war. Women will always wear brassieres."

Lumber and farming are still the principal sources of income for the town. There are at least 20 semi-portable sawmills in the neighborhood (most of them owned by the Sturgis family) and the cutting crews are now earning $2.50 a thousand feet. The unlimited stocks of fine southern pine hereabouts might make this the center of the nation's new plastics industry.

Other changes around town have been slight. Main and Sixth Streets are as bustling as ever. Sloan's drug store's front showcase displays a Japanese gas mask sent back from the Solomons by Col. Berry. The Royal movie house is packed every night. Harris' shoe and pawn shop window is filled with civilian suits purchased from departing soldiers and cans of a special neat's-foot-oil preparation guaranteed to make precious shoes last longer.

Mac's Cafe, with its counter, booths and hamburgers, is still the place to hang out. The Caddo Hotel dining room, with its veal cutlets, is still the place for dinner dates. The Circle Inn, south on the Texarkana Highway, is the Saturday-night gathering place for the country kids. Its juke box plays only hillbilly music, the girls wear gingham and the boys drink illegal moonshine and wear overalls. The Co-ed Cafe on Clinton Street is still up to its old tricks, and the college kids still congregate at George's, run by a good-natured, Victorian character named Ma, who is the mother of the owner of the Co-ed. Ma refuses to allow dancing on Sunday and reads her customers the Scriptures instead. For her own reading, she alternates the Bible with *Modern Romances*. On the wall there is a sign which reads: "No drinking allowed in here. If you want to drink, go home to your wife or mother.—Ma."

Hay rides have taken the place of auto rides. The Ouachita girls still sneak out to go swimming in the Ouachita River, wearing fur coats over their bathing suits in the middle of summer. The beautiful Bluff, overlooking the river, is still the chief necking place, although not used quite enough to support a small boy named Joe, who profitably operated a coke and candy stand there two years ago. The Park, across from Henderson, runs the Bluff a close second.

The curbstones all over town are still crooked. Houses are still heated with natural gas and "sweat" on damp days. The high-school lawn is barren from the tread of a thousand kids who scrupulously avoid using the sidewalks. Every time a troop convoy goes through town, old Mrs. McMillin runs out and serves lemonade to the MP directing traffic in front of her door. Except during troop movements, Highway 67 (once called the Broadway of America) is deserted. One-third of the town's filling stations are closed. (Ripley once described Arkadelphia as having more filling stations per capita than any other town in the world.)

The chief topic of conversation around town, outside of the war, is Arkadelphia's big murder trial last year. It seems that a respectable married man, a Government employee named Julian Kirby Jones, was having an affair with his secretary, Mary Dell Furlow. One day he loaded the girl on the back of a GI truck and drove off into the woods, where he proceeded to perform an amateur abortion. In the midst of this, the girl got hysterical and began to scream. Whereupon Jones slugged her with the proverbial blunt instrument, tied her up in chains and threw her into the Ouachita River. He got life.

The trial made *True Detective* and outdrew every prayer meeting in town for a week.

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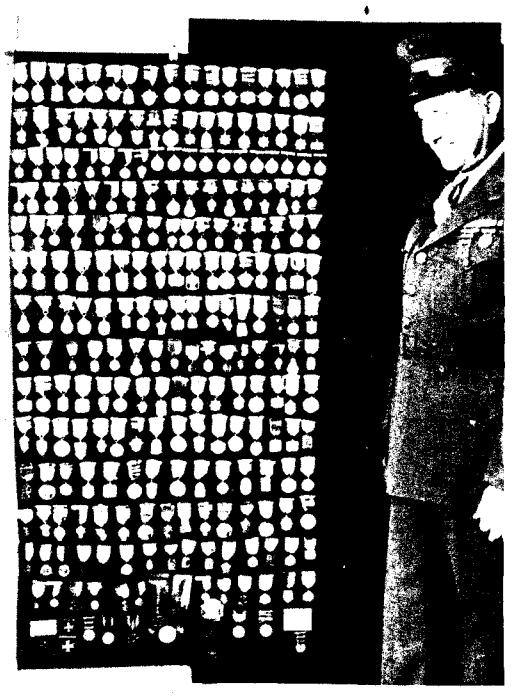
MASKED BALL. *It's a strike! You couldn't fail to see that, even through a gas mask. These soldiers at Camp Stoneman, Calif., are the victims of the idea of providing sport and gas-mask training at the same time. They learn how to wear their masks for a long time and to avoid suffocation during hard exercise. The only trouble with this game was that they couldn't make the noise to go with it.*



MEDAL MAN. *Carl Haynes, marine gunner at San Diego, Calif., holds 419 medals won in more than 200 shooting contests, both military and civilian.*

AAF MASCOT. *At Moore Field, Tex., S/Sgt. Rafford T. Jordan coaxes Gremlin, a young coyote, out from a plane's cowling with a wrench that looks, but certainly couldn't smell, like a bone.*

LADY MP. *Pvt. Phyllis A. Kelley of Charleston, W. Va., walks her post at Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C., where women marines are being trained. She won't take nothing from nobody!*

TOP KP. *This noble character is 1st Sgt. Sherwood H. Standish, who took over some spuds at Stinson Field, Tex., together with other noncoms, to release some privates for heavy training.*

VETERAN INSTRUCTOR. *M/Sgt. Stephen A. Malloy (right), shown at Spence Field, Ga., explaining the functions of an airplane part, is now in his 22d year in the Army's air service.*

A ROOKIE at **Fort Sill,** Okla., made the Army break one of its own rules on his first day. Regulations call for a soldier's full name, but when Sill officials heard that the yardbird's name was Karl Werner Rudulf Samuel Ben Jonas Israel Charles Cleve Juelich they settled for Charles Cleve Juelich. . . . Sgt. Juan Nash, who used to be a boxing promoter in South America, arranges fight cards for the **Camp Pickett** (Va.) Special Service Office. Only now Nash doesn't get any cut in the box-office takes. . . . June 1943 is one month T/3 Joe DeCastro of **Fort Devens,** Mass., will never forget. During its 30 days DeCastro was promoted from private to his present rank, was awarded the Soldier's Medal for saving a man's life, was given a 10-day furlough and got married. . . . Pvt. Thomas G. Folliot, **Camp Roberts,** Calif., can rattle off the general orders in German, Italian, French, Serbian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese and English. . . . The **Atlantic City** (N. J.) **AAF Basic Training Center** led the Second Service Command last spring in qualifying enlisted men as aviation cadets.

EM of the 5th and 99th Infantry Regiments, **Camp Van Dorn,** Miss., built a typical German village during training maneuvers recently. They even put Nazi names and signs on streets and buildings, and Der Fuehrer's pictures inside the windows. Platoons take turns attacking and defending the place. . . . "If you want to write a book while you're in the Army," advises A/C Michael Straight, **Nashville** (Tenn.) **Army Air Center,** "make sure it sells for two bits." Straight wrote "Make This the Last War," which sells for $3. "I've had to buy a copy for every sergeant and lieutenant I've met in the Army," said Straight. "It's eating up my profits." . . . Before Sgt. Edgar Volk, **Camp Grant,** Ill., got in the Army he made a deal with a friend back home: The first one drafted would get a buck a week

TS Ticket

A RECENT dispatch from Washington says that many deskbound Naval officers yearned for active duty at sea partly to escape the heat but mainly to forget the new regulations concerning uniform changes.

One of the new regulations specifies that "gold stripes on service uniforms must extend only halfway around the sleeve, but the full stripe must be worn on dress uniforms," while another sternly prescribes that "black braid chin straps replace present gold straps."

Chairborne Army officers in Washington are also affected by new regulations on uniforms. In addition to the general ban on fancy laundry and pressing jobs, some department heads have gone so far as to limit summer uniforms for officers to the regulation sun tans.

"Many officers," the dispatch concludes, "agree that perhaps Sherman was right."

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STREET DANCE. *In a town somewhere in Tennessee, GIs give some local belles a turn during a rest period in Second Army maneuvers. It's sure proof that no matter how much marching he's been through, how much dust he's inhaled or how much sleep he's lost, the true GI jitterbug can never be turned from practicing his art.*

WHO'S WHO? *These twins are both headquarters drivers for the 11th Armored Division at Camp Polk, La. They are (left to right, if that helps you any) Harold and Gerald Kenney of Canton, Ohio. As a matter of fact there is a difference if you could see it—Harold is about an inch taller than Gerald.*

Camp News

from the guy who stayed out. So far Volk has collected $75 and he doesn't care if his friend keeps out for the duration. . . . Marine MPs assigned to watch over the Waves in training at **Hunter College,** N.Y., have formed a club, the Wavers, with the slogan, "We are the men behind the women behind the men behind the guns."

The Army Specialized Training Command soon will send more than 6,000 Negro troops to **Fort Benning,** Ga. . . . Pvt. Vincent J. Guarners, **Fort Eustis,** Va., can recognize most members of Congress by sight. He used to be a doorkeeper for the House of Representatives in Washington.

PLEASURE AND PAIN. *There can't be that much difference, but that's what it looks like. One Waac, at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, grins and the other, at Daytona Beach, Fla., groans. Which one is lying?*

. . . After Pvt. J. C. Osborn, **Gunter Field,** Ala., invited a sailor buddy who was on furlough to dinner at his company mess he promised: "One thing you won't get here will be navy beans." When they sat down to eat the first dish they were served—you guessed it—was navy beans. . . . S/Sgt. Ray Hitchcock, mess sergeant at **Fort Riley,** Kans., had just finished baking a pie for the Post Service Club's pie contest when a tornado brought down the mess-hall roof and smashed, among other things, the sergeant's pie. . . . The Cathedral of Learning of the **University of Pittsburgh,** Pa., is probably the only cathedral in the world that has a prophylactic station. It was installed on the 12th floor when the Army moved an ASTP unit in the building. . . . **Fort Hamilton,** N.Y., celebrated its first all-GI wedding when Waac Aux. Kay Oleniczak promised to love, honor and obey Pfc. Joe Yumet.

Cpl. Peter Economy is stationed at **Scott Field,** Ill., but he does *not* work in the finance office. . . . Girl civil service workers at the **AAF Navigation School, San Marcos,** Tex., elected Sgt. Robert J. Asp "Post Pin-Up Boy." Then they found out that Asp was married and an expectant father. . . . When Pfc. Cecil C. Richards, **Fort Jackson,** S.C., got a furlough recently, he announced his intentions of getting married if someone would lend him a pair of pants to get home. The report didn't say whether he got the pants. . . . Sgt. Fred Davis, **Camp Davis,** N.C., found a crow with a broken wing. He took the bird to his room, set her wing and invited her to leave. But the crow liked Davis so much she wouldn't leave, so now the sergeant keeps her as a pet. . . . GIs at **Stewart Field,** N.Y., received a $1,000 gift to furnish their day room. The room will be named the Meyer Levin Room in honor of Sgt. Meyer Levin, Colin Kelly's bombardier. . . . Sgt. Harry Bradley, a supply sergeant at **Camp Atterbury,** Ind., was a Navy gunner in the first World War. "I joined the Army this time," complained Bradley, "so I could see what land fighting was like. So what do they do? They make me a supply sergeant!"

Pvt. John Samecnik, **Miami Beach Air Base,** Fla., had a tooth extracted from his ear canal. Doctors explained that the tooth had fallen out while Samecnik slept and had lodged in his ear canal. "It was the first time I had a tooth taken out without opening my mouth," said Samecnik. . . . Cpl. Hugh Randolph, an MP at **Fort William Henry Harrison,** Mont., was sent to a town in Montana "for the purpose of receiving in custody Pvt. Ernest Hisbadhorse." . . . At **Randolph Field,** Tex., Boots, the aged bulldog mascot of Randolph MPs, barked his last bark. He was one of the most photographed GI mascots in the world. . . . Maj. Gen. L. R. Fredenall, commanding general of the Second Army, sent a commendation to the CO of the 30th Infantry Division Artillery, **Camp Blanding,** Fla., on "splendid performance" in completing 12 battalion firing tests without a single failure.

SOCIAL NOTE

Headline in a recent issue of *Communique,* weekly newspaper at Camp Livingstone, La.: "OFFICERS MAY NOW BATHE WITH NURSES WHEN CHAPERONED."

Pain In The Neck

PVT. Frisco Thomas showed up for sick call at Camp Anza, Calif. "What's the trouble?" asked the doctor. "I got a pain in my neck," complained Thomas. The medics couldn't find anything wrong with Frisco's neck from the outside, so they X-rayed, and the X-ray picture showed a foreign body stuck in the neck bone. The foreign body proved to be a knife blade 1¾ inch long. After it was removed Thomas was asked how the blade got in his neck. "Damned if I know," he said.

BIG MONEY. *Pvt. Cyril G. Wolfe, shown at his job in the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md., is now the U. S. Army's highest-paid private. With 12 dependents, he receives $203 a month.*

COURTESY SHOW. *This is the way they teach military courtesy and discipline at the 4th Regt. MRTC, Camp Pickett, Va.—with a marionette show, staged and run by five former puppeteers.*

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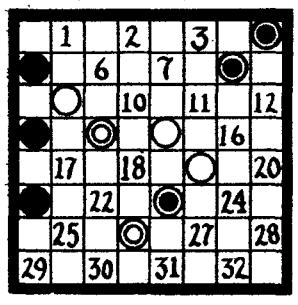
HOLLYWOOD. Bing Crosby will don the sackcloth in his next picture, "The Padre," to play a singing priest who utilizes his musical talent to rehabilitate a debt-ridden parish. . . . John Monks, author of "Brother Rat," a hit both on the stage and screen, is a captain in the Marines commanding a company at a South Pacific base. . . . Danny Kaye, who debuts in Samuel Goldwyn's "Up In Arms," will make a two-month tour of recreational centers in the British Isles and Africa for Entertainment National Services Association, Inc., the British equivalent of our USO. . . . Eddie Cantor will make a triple contribution to his next, "Show Business." He will act, collaborate on the script and make his debut as a producer. . . . William P. (Hiker) Joy, assistant on the late Maj. Frank Cavanaugh's football coaching staff at Holy Cross and Fordham, went to Hollywood as technical adviser for "The Iron Major" and wound up playing himself in the film, which portrays the life of the man who was at once one of the country's great football coaches and a hero of the first World War. . . . Irene Dunne returns to funmaking in Columbia's "Road to Yesterday" after several serious roles.

Eddie Cantor

COAST TO COAST. Margie Hart, who put her G-string aside for more clothes and dramatic roles, has quit "Cry Havoc" to take her own vaudeville unit, "Bombshells of 1943," on a nation-wide tour, opening in Boston Aug. 1. . . . A revival of "The Drunkard" will feature the reopening of Seattle's Rivoli Theater, one-time burlesque house, as a tavern-theater. . . . Mitzi Green, who impersonated movie celebrities as a child star in moving pictures, is being headlined at Chicago's Chez Paree. . . . *Variety* reports that the City Council of Richmond, Calif., the booming shipbuilding center across the bay from San Francisco, has vetoed swing-shift dances there because of complaints of citizens who devote that part of the night to sleeping. . . . Denver's Elitch Summer Theater opens with the Philip Barry play, "Without Love." . . . Omaha and Los Angeles theaters, as a curb to juvenile delinquency, have declared a curfew, children under 15 being refused admission after 8 P.M. . . . Philadelphia's Brookline Country Club, where name bands once played, is disturbed these summer evenings only by the noise of GI snores; the Army has taken it over as barracks for a Signal Corps outfit. . . . Reporting on the bands: Tommy Dorsey, who promoted Dick Haymes and Frankie Sinatra into stardom, plans the same kind of campaign for Betty Brewer, his latest discovery; she is the first girl to get feature billing with the Dorsey unit. Russ Morgan is playing New York's Roxy after a long stay at the Edgewater Beach in Chicago. Roy Eldridge, star trumpeter with Gene Krupa's band, is forming his own unit now that Music Corporation of America has decided to disband Gene's group.

Margie Hart

CHECKER STRATEGY



WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

WHITE, a checker down and certain to lose another one to the Black piece on 23, seems about ready to take the count.

But hold on! Black, in entering square 23, has fallen into a trap. White can now win! See it?

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown.

Jo Carroll Dennison

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

FIELD PACK

Devised by Satan (or was it Poe?).
This tool of torture is our worst foe,
Combining the garrote, the stake and the rack,
And presented to us as the innocent pack.

Harnessed, weighted, strapped and slung,
One is surely headed for the iron lung.
This walking depot, this one-man safari,
Will soon be fit to tie—or bury.

Please don't construe this as complaint.
'Tis merely a plea, in voice grown faint.
Heed this crying need, this woeful lack,
Of a motorized, mechanized, self-propelled pack.

—Pvt. EDWARD BAYER

Fort Robinson, Nebr.

DISCHARGES

There's a Section VIII and a CDD
For the sick and the mentally poor.
If I had my way there'd be one
For the guys with a GI snore.

—T/5 RALPH ALLEN

Fort Ord, Calif.

PVT.

You can talk about *amoebae*,
Or whatever you elect.
The lowly *protozoa*
Really earns profound respect.
There's a one-celled hairy monster,
Paramecium, by name:
You'll find him venerated
In the Science Hall of Fame.
You can throw in all the microbes,
Wherever you may tramp;
I can go you one step lower
Without stepping out of camp,
And I can prove it by my looey
That my candidate is champ.

Go on, name all the old bacteria
With which the world is rife,
But the jerk they call the *private*
Is the lowest form of life.

—Pvt. HENRY B. WEISBERG

Camp Wallace, Tex.

DIRECTIVE

From *femmes fatales* should soldiers refrain?
Depends, of course, upon the terrain.

—Cpl. ROBERT N. MEYERS

Camp Claiborne, La.

THOUGHTS WHILE SITTING IN A PERS. OFFICE

Pvt. Smith, the last we heard,
To far-off Bali was trfd.
And to a local Bali maid
Most marked attentions Smitty pd.

This gal was pretty. Shapely? Very!
But motives strictly mon.
She wore no stockings, wore no garters,
Was awfully bare in certain qrs.

But suddenly w/out permission
Smith's family had a new add.
A tan and white 8-pound descendent—
A Balinese C1 A dep.

For just a moment's rec.
He shells out cash for the dur.
For he who's tempted by a beauty
Must pay for what's N L D.

—Cpl. JOHN W. DONAHEY

Fort Jackson, S. C.

SONNET FOR MARGIE ANN

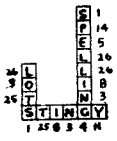
I ask: In the maelstrom yet to come,
When by the rushing tides I am hurled
To twist from dark to dark, from dumb to dumb,
Alone and breathless in a turning world,
In those quick moments when I try to hold
Myself in changing balance, uselessly
Struggling for retention in the mold
Of what I am, and what I want to be:
Then let the swirl of happenings subside,
And I will cast far, far into memory
For a lake, and a walk and evening's tide,
And you in the sunlight, and you with me:
But when the pause of memory is done,
My hands will clench around my heated gun.

—Pvt. PERRY WOLFF

Fort Eustis, Va.

TEE-TOTAL

HERE'S a chance to win one of YANK's big Puzzle Kits, which will be given as prizes to GIs (and that includes *all* branches of the service—Navy, Coast Guard, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you haven't tried this word game before, start now.

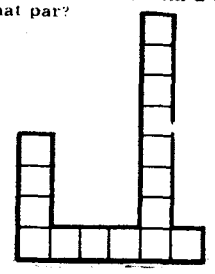


Simply fill the diagram with three good English words. No proper nouns (that rules out names of persons or places). If you're in doubt about a spelling, check it in a "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary" or use another word.

Add up the number values of the 16 letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use words which have letters of high value. IN ADDING YOUR SCORE, COUNT EACH LETTER ONLY ONCE.

A sample work-out is shown here, with a score of 195. Can you beat that par?

LETTER	VALUES	LETTER	VALUES
A	7	N	3
B	13	O	9
C	12	P	14
D	2	Q	20
E	5	R	23
F	22	S	1
G	4	T	25
H	24	U	10
I	8	V	6
J	16	W	17
K	15	X	18
L	26	Y	11
M	21	Z	19



Score ..... Submitted by:

.....

.....

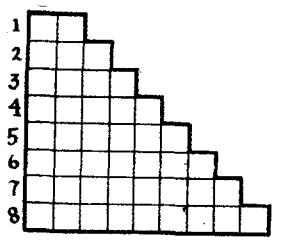
.....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight weeks* if you are outside the U. S.

STEP-WORDS

TAKE the word THING, add K, unscramble and what new word do you get? Answer: KNIGHT.

In this puzzle you begin at the top with a two-letter word, and at each step add one letter and unscramble to form a new word—as in the example above. Except, we're not telling you what letter to add; that's part of the problem. But definitions are given as clues. The solution is on page 22.



1. Male parent
2. Mimic
3. Crown of head
4. Binds with narrow strips
5. Most suitable
6. Vessels for tea
7. All that meat and no ——!
8. Bone manipulator (no dice)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ SERIAL NO. _____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS _____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

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Genius at Work

"HERE'S the set-up, Charley. This guy is a traveling salesman and the babe sells encyclopedias on the road. Now let's take the guy first. He's a smooth-looking article. Makes about 25 Gs a year selling ladies' lingerie. Now get this, Charley. He's got a passion. No, it ain't dames. It's steaks! He's nuts about steaks; any kind — porterhouse, T-bone, sirloin, *filet mignon*. The reason he travels is not because of the 25 Gs he makes. It's really because the guy is huntin' for the perfect steak, sort of a Diogenes or something.

"Now the dame sells books for a hobby, see? When she went to college she took a course in vitamins given by a prof who was a vegetarian. This prof made a pass at her and she became strictly a meat eater with a terrific yen for steaks.

"Now get this, Charley. Two people looking for the perfect steak. It's a natural! See what I mean?

"Here's the climax. It's terrific! The guy is in a Salt Lake City chop house which is noted for steaks. He's waiting for his order when his eyes light on a snappy lookin' chick. While he's musing over her charms the *garcon* brings her a steak. Now get this, Charley. From where he sits the guy sees that this is the perfect steak he's been lookin' for. He gets up and walks over to the steak, I mean the babe, and sits down at her table. 'Ain't I seen you before some place?' he says like Cary Grant. She looks up at him and says she doesn't think they ever met.

"Meantime he tells the waiter to bring his order to the babe's table. When his steak is put in front of him, the babe's eyes open wide, because to her the steak the guy gets is *her* idea of the perfect steak.

"Now get this, Charley. She wants *his* steak and he wants *hers*. Sort of a O'Henry situation. The guy gets an idea. He asks her to dance. She likes the idea because when she sits down again she can switch places with the Moe. But this is exactly what he's got in mind! Terrific, ain't it?

"After the dance is over, she runs and sits down in his chair. He don't say nothin' 'cause that's what he wants. He sits down in her chair and they start to eat. While they eat, they don't say much but keep lookin' at each other and fall in love—like that! After that it's one merry round of love, kisses and steaks.

"Well, what do you think, Charley? First we could run it like a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* and then publish it like a book. We should oughta make at least 50 grand on the deal. It's the greatest. . . ."

"Okay, youse guys. Cut the chatter and back to peelin' them spuds. Think this is a sewing circle? Get back to peelin' or you'll be here the whole week."

"Don't get excited, Sarge, we're peelin'. . . . What do ya think, Charley. Maybe MGM would buy the movie rights!"

—Sgt. LARRY LOWENSTEIN

Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

QUICKIE

After years of waiting
Through all the fight and fuss,
When this war is over
I'll be Private Emeritus.

—Pvt. HAROLD F. KIERCÉ

Alaska

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

STEP-WORDS →

1	P	A						
2	A	P	E					
3	P	A	T	E				
4	T	A	P	E	S			
5	A	P	T	E	S	T		
6	T	E	A	P	O	T	S	
7	P	O	T	A	T	O	E	S
8	O	S	T	E	O	P	A	T	H

CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 26 to 22. Black takes 23 to 16. . . . White pitches 15 to 11. Black takes either 8 to 15 or 16 to 7. It doesn't matter which. . . . White slips 14 to 17. Black jumps 5 to 14. . . . White jumps 17 to 10 to 3 to 12—or 17 to 10 to 19 to 12, depending on how Black's pieces lie.

Look 'em over now, and you'll see that, though White's still a checker shy, the game's in the bag. WHITE WINS.

TEE-TOTAL PUZZLE

Omitted from last week's list of Tee-Total winners (for contest in issue of June 11) were Sgt. A. A. Hill, Army Airdrome, Van Nuys, Calif. (score of 399), and Pvt. Robert C. Riedmeyer, Fort Riley, Kans. (383).

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 2—Upper and lower left, Sgt. Al Hine; others, OWI. 3—PA. 4—U. S. Signal Corps. 5—Sgt. John Bushemi. 8 & 9—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 10—Sgt. Steve Derry. 12 & 13—Sgt. Pete Paris. 18—Upper left, Camp Stoneman (Calif.) PRO; upper right, Acme; center left, Moore Field (Tex.) PRO; center right, INP; lower left, Stinson Field (Tex.) PRO; lower left, AAF, Spence Field, Ga. 19—Upper right and left, WW; center left, OWI; center right, INP; lower right, Camp Pickett (Va.) PRO. 20—20th Century-Fox. 21—Upper, WW; lower, Acme. 23—Upper, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower, PA.

POST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

IT AIN'T TRUE

At a recent convention of American furniture manufacturers it was announced that returning soldiers will prefer sleeping in single beds.—*News item*

Though we honor your sincerity
And doubt not your intention,
We're sure you all were filled with dope
At your lately held convention.

Was it coke or marijuana
That caused you guys to say
That a soldier likes to solo
When each night he hits the hay?

We're used to crowding in a plane
And cramming in a jeep,
But a bed's a different matter—
And we won't go there to sleep.

Gentlemen, take this good advice
And tell your corporations
That we will want plenty of room
For offensive operations.

—Sgt. W. MAX SCHERER

New Guinea

LATRINE

Soldier's forum,
Sans decorum.

—Cpl. S. P. GRAPMAN

Miami Beach Training Base, Fla.

LINES ON LOVE

The greatest loves in history
Were interesting and varied,
But the ones who lived those dreams
Are now long dead and buried.

Can it be that modern youth
Loves at such a frantic pace
There's no time for sentiment,
For lavender and old lace?

Beatrice and Dante,
Napoleon and his Jo,
Made the grade in Romanee
Because they took it slow.

Tristan and Isolde,
And Hero and Leander,
Took their loves in second gear
And let them just meander.

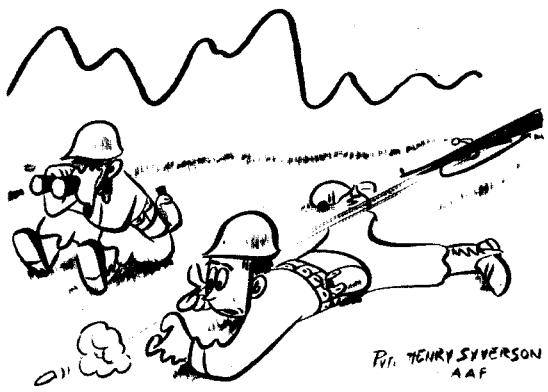
When thinking of these loves of old
No wonder I'm forlorn,
For 1943's affairs
Are strictly full of corn.

I have a plan I'd like to try,
If only you'd approve:
Let's introduce our hearts again
And get them in the groove.

If only I possessed your heart
As you do mine—who knows?
We might make history's greatest loves
Look strictly Major Bowes.

—S/Sgt. TOM PULLIAM

New Guinea



—Pvt. Henry S. Sylverson, BTC, Fresno, Calif.

So You're Going on a Furlough

THE first step, of course, is to get the furlough. That is easy. Simply walk into the orderly room, seize the first sergeant by the collar and loudly demand 10 days. Your leisure hours in the guardhouse should be spent planning the happy days ahead. Upon your release in six months, your furlough papers will be ready, as regulations provide for semi-annual leaves of absence "for the purpose of travel, healthful recreation, and diversion."

1. Travel. Purchase a round-trip ticket for Frog Level, or wherever your home town happens to be. Unless, naturally, you live in Brooklyn, in which case your ticket should read Seattle, which is as far from Brooklyn as it is possible to go. On the train every seat will be occupied, as several other guys have also heard about furloughs. You won't mind standing in the aisle for a day or so, since this will result in a complicated case of varicose veins, eventually causing reclassification to limited service.

At Frog Level you will be greeted by a group of surly MPs and a driving rain. (I think there is an Army regulation authorizing driving rains during furloughs.) Your home is two miles from the station through swampland, and of course you forgot to bring your raincoat. But you strike out on foot into the storm, which brings you to

2. Healthful Recreation. The less said about healthful recreation the better.

3. Diversion. You float into the house drenched to your dog tags, looking like a wirephoto of the last man off the *Yorktown*. Quivering with incipient pneumonia, you sit down to your first meal at home, a banquet complete except for meat, potatoes, butter, sugar, coffee and a few other rationed incidentals. After a few mouthfuls, the cold porridge is snatched away, and the family settles down for the siege known as the Furlough Inquisition or the GI Quiz.

You have completed your third detailed description of Army routine and are patiently explaining to little Willie that latrine orderlies are not eligible for flying pay, when suddenly you collapse. Disgustedly, the family drags you to bed—on the living-room sofa. Your room has been rented to a defense worker for the duration.

On the sixth day you regain consciousness. The doctor announces you may live. You are still too weak to leave the house, so the local news is relayed to you by Willie. You learn the poolroom has been converted into an air-raid shelter; the old gang has been wiped out by the draft board; your girl has gotten herself engaged to a welder who has been showing her a time-and-a-half during your absence.

On the seventh day you slink back into camp and plead with the mess sergeant to be allowed to spend the remaining furlough time in the kitchen. The mess sergeant, who was once on a furlough himself, will understand. He will not refuse.

If you hear of any talk of a proposed plan to abolish the furlough and substitute three weeks of KP in its place, ignore it. Another latrine rumor, and nothing but wishful thinking.

—Sgt. HERMAN STEIN

AAF, Gravelly Point, D. C.

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SPORTS:

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON

CAMP ROBERTS IS GLAD THAT KOVACS WENT TO AUSTRALIA

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—A year ago the Army took a tennis racket away from Frank Kovacs and gave him a gun. But when Kovacs arrived in Australia as an infantryman, an officer took one look at his backhand grip on the musket, grabbed the deadly weapon away from him and gave him back the racket.

In fact, the officer handed Kovacs not only a racket, but also baseball bats, boxing gloves, footballs, golf clubs and just about everything else in the line of sports equipment. Which is how the Clown Prince of tennis landed his present assignment as director of athletics at a big replacement center, and as a corporal, mind you.

If you thought Kovacs was a screwball on the tennis court just because he threw rackets away, sat down after high lobs or argued with the umpire as vehemently as a Brooklyn Dodger, you should hear of his Army career.

It all started the day he was drafted. When the clerk asked his occupation, Kovacs replied, "Tennis clown." When the doctors inquired whether he had any physical defects, Frank answered, "Yes, I find it hard to reach Don Budge's cannonball serve." And when the personnel interviewer requested information about his favorite hobby, he was met with this reply: "Throwing five tennis balls into the air at once on a serve and scoring an ace with one as my opponent watches the others."

Despite such answers, Kovacs was inducted and shipped to Camp Roberts, Calif., for basic infantry training. In just two weeks his platoon sergeant developed a definite dislike for the Clown Prince.

"He just didn't like tennis," explains Frank. "Craps was his game."

But then again, maybe the sergeant didn't like Kovacs because he walked into the CO's office after a few days in the Army and demanded a 10-day furlough. The CO bawled out the sergeant for allowing Kovacs to come within 50 yards of his office.

When his outfit took part in a parade, Kovacs was made acting squad leader because of his height. Trees lined the parade ground, and as the outfit wheeled around in front of the inspecting colonel, Frank decided his squad would have more room marching on the outside of the trees. Result: the parade looked more like a skirmish line than a parade.

On top of this, Kovacs went to the PX one day instead of reporting to a truck that was to take his outfit on a field bivouac. Frank's punishment for this was a full week's KP, during which he harassed the mess sergeant by saving the potato peels and throwing away the spuds, spilling ketchup in a rice pudding and tossing china plates at fellow KP's as he hollered "Surprise!"

"Because I had demonstrated such initiative in training," Kovacs declares with pride, "Camp Roberts lost no time in shipping me overseas where I could be of more value—to Camp Roberts."

As yet, none of Frank's Army horseplay has come up to some of his tennis-court antics. The biggest blunder of his life took place when he had the umpire removed for favoritism in officiating at the Seabright (N. J.) Invitational Tournament—only to discover later that the umpire was president of the Seabright Tennis Club. And the Clown Prince's most embarrassing moment occurred during his National Championship final match with Bobby Riggs at Forest Hills, L. I., in 1941, when a certain very important set of buttons on his pants flew open. The huge throng roared with laughter as Kovacs buttoned up in the shelter of Riggs' back.

Although Kovacs never won a major tournament because of his love for horseplay, he was second so often he felt like the best man at a wedding. Joining the pro ranks six months before induction, he played dozens of matches all over the country against Don Budge, Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Bobby Riggs and Gene Mako. At the end of the tour he was, of course, second again—this time to Budge.

When the U. S. Army finally marches into Tokyo, Kovacs hopes to be in on the kill. He played tennis in Japan a few years ago with a touring American team. Because he won his first seven matches, he found himself very unpopular with the Japs. One day, however, the Japs gave him too much *sake* before a match and he lost. Immediately he became a hero with the Japs, who threw him a huge banquet.

"Those Japs can't stand to lose," Frank says. "They had to dope me to beat me."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Capt. Hank Greenberg (right) stopped off long enough on his insoection tour for the AAF to work out with Detroit and talk to his old manager, Del Baker, now coach of the Cleveland Indians.

WHEN **A/C Johnny Pesky** was 13 years old and batboy for Portland in the Pacific Coast League, he was always wrapped up in some heavy hero worship for one ballplayer or another. Two of his first idols were **Bobby Doerr**, San Diego's second baseman, and **Lou Finney**, who played the outfield for Portland. He thought Doerr was the greatest infielder he had ever seen, and there wasn't enough he could do for his hero. Johnny used to shine his shoes, run his errands and see that he was treated with the respect due a great player. Doerr liked the kid and gave him an old glove for his trouble. Last year when Johnny came up to play shortstop for Boston, he still had the old glove Bob had given him, and he never quite got over the thrill of playing on the same team with his idols, Finney and Doerr. Pesky is now learning to fly for the Navy, and he has already got himself a new hero, Capt. Joe Foss, the marine who knocked down 26 Japs. The chances are, when Johnny starts to shoot up a few Japs for himself, he will never lose his great respect for Joe Foss, either.

YANK's correspondents tell us that henceforth Iceland's GI athletic champions will compete in the ETO play-offs in England and North Ireland. . . . The first sergeant at the Army Exchange School, Princeton, N. J., is **Dave Smuckler**, the old Temple fullback. . . . **Johnny Goodman**, former national open and amateur golf champion, and **Rodney Bliss**, five times Nebraska State golf champ, were inducted together at Fort Cook, Nebr. . . . **Joe Kilgrow**, Alabama's great back of a few years ago, was commissioned a lieutenant in New Guinea for outstanding leadership under fire. His antiaircraft gang downed four Zeros in one raid. . . . In the same recruit detachment at Fort Eustis, Va., are four members of the Holy Cross football team which last fall upset mighty Boston College, 55 to 12. The four: **Bob Sullivan**, fullback; **Ray Ball**, quarterback; **Johnny Bezemes**, halfback, and **Bill Swiacki**, end. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn** wears an MP arm band at Camp Campbell, Ky.

In his last fight as a civilian, **Cpl. Ray Robinson** flattened **Sgt. Jackie Wilson** in three rounds. A few days later, Robinson found himself in the same barracks with Wilson at Mitchel Field, N. Y. . . . In the same week at different flying fields, **Lt. Henry Mazur**, one of West Point's greatest football captains, and **Lt. Joe Bartlett**, Georgia Tech halfback and shot-put champion, had similar accidents while flying their fighter planes in training. Both lost control of their ships and had to bail out. But before they could pull the rip cords of their parachutes, each was hit by the tail of his plane. Mazur was only swiped on the leg and was able to pull his rip cord in time. Bartlett never had a chance.

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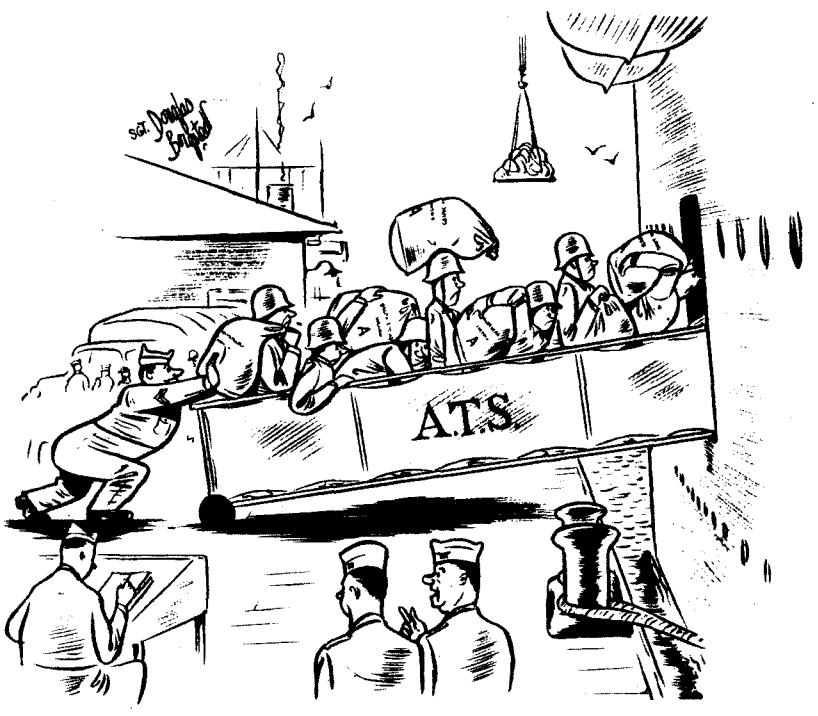
"GEE WHIZ, SERGEANT! MY DOG TAGS ARE LIKE ICE!"
Sgt. Sydney Landi, Antiaircraft Command, Richmond, Va.

"MIGAWD, SARGE, I THOUGHT I WAS CUTTING IN ON A WAAC!"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.



"HE'S ONE OF OUR MOST VALUABLE MEN. USED TO BE A SUBWAY GUARD IN BROOKLYN."
— Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

YANK

— Sgt. Frank Brandt

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